

From Chambers' Papers for the People.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, Duke of Wellington, the fourth son of the Earl and Countess of Mornington, was born at Dangan Castle, county of Meath, Ireland, on the 1st of May, 1769, a few weeks only before the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte, in Corsica. The Wellesley family descend from the Colleys or Cowleys of Rutlandshire, of whom two brothers, Robert and Walter, crafty, prudent men, and astute lawyers, emigrated to the county Kilkenny in the reign of Henry VIII. So well do they appear to have served the capricious will of that unscrupulous monarch, that they early obtained the clerkship of the crown in the Irish Court of Chancery, held for their joint lives, and not long afterwards Robert became Master of the Rolls, and Walter Solicitor-General. One of the Westleys, or Wellesleys, an old Saxon family from the county of Sussex, and then of Dangan Castle, county of Meath, married Elizabeth Colley or Cowley, and, in 1747, Richard Colley Wellesley was raised to the Irish peerage by George II., with the title of Earl of Mornington. The father of Arthur Wellesley was the second earl, and in his day was reputed to be a musician and musical composer of considerable ability. Some of his compositions, we believe, still survive. The wife of this earl was Anne, the eldest daughter of the Right Honorable Arthur Hill, Viscount Duncannon, and is said to have been a woman of strong sense and high principle. At her husband's death the family property was found to be frightfully encumbered, and ultimately the estate was alienated, passing into the possession of Roger O'Connor. The castle had been previously destroyed by fire.

A startling and significant page in the world's history was opened, and its giant characters were partly traced, during the youth of the future field-marshal. The military power of Great Britain had been successfully withstood by the infant States of America; and the soldiers of despotic France, who had assisted in the vindication of the liberties of the British colonists, returned to their homes, were repeating to eagerly attentive audiences the strange and thrilling words they had become familiar with in the far-off western world. Daily the fierce and angry murmur grew and strengthened, and it required little sagacity to foresee that men of the sword must reap abundant harvests ere the new principles inaugurated by the rifle-voileys of Bunker's Hill, and so ominously echoed in the most powerful of the continental states of old Europe, should either become permanently triumphant, or be trampled out beneath the heels of the still vigorous though decaying feudalism against which they were so audaciously arrayed. Arthur Wellesley, with the full consent of his relatives, chose the army for a profession; Richard, his eldest brother, by his father's death Lord Mornington, and afterwards Marquis of Wellesley, decided for the civil service of the state; and both were at an early age removed from Eton—Richard to the university of Oxford, and Arthur to the military school of Angiers in France, then under the direction of the celebrated Engineer, Pignerol. Napoleon Bonaparte was at

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the same time receiving instruction at the sister-school of Brienne.

Arthur Wellesley returned to England soon after completing his seventeenth year, and, on the 7th of March, 1787, was gazetted ensign in the 73d Regiment. His elder brother, Richard, on attaining his majority, was returned to Parliament for the borough of Beer-Alston, a seat which he subsequently exchanged for that of the royal borough of Windsor. He early succeeded in obtaining place under Mr. Pitt, and was appointed one of the commissioners for the affairs of India. Family influence and connection told rapidly also upon the advancement of the young soldier, who, gazetted ensign on the 7th of March, 1787, was, on the 25th of December, in the same year, a lieutenant in the 76th. The following month he exchanged into the 41st. In 1790, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Trim, a portion of the Mornington estate. On the 30th of June, 1791, he was promoted to a company in the 58th foot, which, in the following year, he exchanged for a troop in the 12th dragoons. On the 30th of April, 1793, he was gazetted major of the 33d, and on the 30th of September following, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the same regiment; having in little more than five years passed through the various grades from that of an ensign to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and the actual command of a veteran regiment.

The young lieutenant-colonel had not greatly distinguished himself in the House of Commons. He spoke seldom, and then merely to give confused and ineffective utterance to the family-borough-politics, the main points of which, like others originating in the same sources, appeared to be the continued, peremptory exclusion of Catholics from the privileges of citizens, and the advancement of the personal interests of the Trim proprietary. But the curtain was about to rise on a sifter theatre for the development of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley's genius than the House of Commons. The sullen murmurs of which we spoke just now had by this time broken into a tumultuous roar of hate and indignation. The king and queen of France, and those of the nobility and clergy who were bold enough to confront the hurricane of rage that had burst forth, all perished miserably. Public feeling in England, artfully and eloquently stimulated, rose quickly to fever-heat, and, amidst the frantic applause of almost the entire nation, Mr. Pitt declared war to the death against the French Republic. A British army was not long afterwards despatched to Flanders under the command of His Royal Highness the Duke of York—a general and bishop by virtue of his royal birth alone, and about as well fitted to direct the operations of an army as to fill the episcopal chair of Osnaburg. In 1794, reinforcements were despatched, rather with a view to enable the prince-general to retreat in tolerable order and safety, than with any reasonable hope of arresting the triumphant progress of the French armies. Amongst others the 33d regiment was ordered to embark, and marched to Cork for that purpose.

The troops arrived at their destination in time to learn that the Duke of York had been already driven into Holland, and that an immediate re-

embarkation was necessary in order to reach Antwerp by the Scheldt. This was effected; and in the following January, (1795,) Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley, as senior officer, commanded three battalions in the retreat through Holland, and early in the spring embarked with the troops at Bremen for England.

The superiority of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley as a regimental officer was clearly manifested by the celerity with which the 33d, which had greatly suffered, was reorganized and reported fit for service. It joined the camp near Southampton, and in October, 1795, was embarked in the fleet destined for the West Indies, under the command of Admiral Christian. Baffling storm and tempest, against which they vainly struggled for six weeks, drove them back, and the destination of the 33d was afterwards changed to India, for which country the regiment sailed in April, 1796, arriving at Bengal in September, accompanied by Colonel Wellesley, who had joined it at the Cape of Good Hope in June, illness having prevented him from taking his departure with it from England.

Nothing requiring remark occurred till 1798, when Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley's regiment was attached to the Madras establishment, where preparations for a manifestly inevitable conflict with Tippoo Sultan, the ruler of the Mysore territory, were, under the direction of the new governor-general, in course of rapid progress. The new governor-general was Colonel Wellesley's elder brother, Lord Mornington, who had succeeded Sir John Shore in that high and responsible office. Never perhaps had the government of British India been assumed under graver circumstances. The storm raging in Europe had given life and energy to the temporarily-subdued or overawed native princes and potentates, to whom the increasing power of the English was obnoxious, either from the memory of past defeats, or apprehension that the signal chastisement already inflicted upon some of their number might ultimately reach all. French officers abounded in the armies of the native princes, especially in those of the Mahratta chiefs Dolut, Rao Scindiah, and Holkar, of the Nizam, and of Tippoo Sultan. Those officers naturally availed themselves of their position to excite the princes of India against the nation that had driven the French out of the country, and which was now at war with the French Republic; and there was unfortunately no lack of inflammable materials for the fire which they nothing doubted of being able to kindle into a tempest of flame that would wither up and consume every vestige of British rule in the Indian Peninsula. Above all, Tippoo Sultan, the son of Hyder Ali, and a fanatic Mussulman, nourished the fiercest hatred of the power that, by the treaty dictated by Cornwallis in 1792, had stripped him of half his territories, treasure to an immense amount, 800 pieces of cannon, and carried off two of his sons as hostages for the due fulfilment of his engagements. The agents of the French republic fed his hopes of vengeance by the most lavish promises of support, and Tippoo listened, fatally for himself, to assurances of aid which Nelson's victory of the Nile, and the prompt, decisive measures of the governor-general, prevented the French, however sincere may have been their intentions, from redeeming. Tippoo not only greatly caressed the officers of that nation, whom he permitted to form a Jacobin club at Seringapatam, in which war was proclaimed against all kings, except of course Tippoo himself, but made earnest overtures

to the great Mahratta chiefs, to induce them to join in his purposed invasion of the Carnatic. His proposals were favorably received, but the indolent, procrastinating habits of Asiatic rulers were no match for the virile energy of the new governor-general, and long before any effectual combination could be realized, the capital of Tippoo was in the hands of the English, and himself deprived of life as well as empire. In order that our readers should thoroughly comprehend the full extent of the peril from which the Marquis of Wellesley, one of the ablest proconsuls this country ever sent forth, saved the mighty interests confided to him, it is necessary to direct their attention for a brief space to the map of the Indian Peninsula. The three presidential cities, they will perceive, of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, are so situated that lines drawn from one to the other would intersect the large portion of territory south of the Nerbudda River, forming the centre of the peninsula; but these presidencies, admirably situated as strategic points, were but as dots and fringes along the eastern and western coasts compared with the extent of the vast country, which, from north to south, from Delhi to the Toombudda River, measures 1000 miles, and in width from the Bay of Bengal to the Gulf of Candy, 900 miles, gradually diminishing to its southern extremity. The country north of the Nerbudda is Hindostan proper; between the Nerbudda and the Kistnah are Poonah, the dominions of the Nizam, and Berar; and south of the Kistnah, the Deccan, Mysore, and the Carnatic—Madras and the Carnatic lying to the east of Seringapatam and the Mysore country. All that immense territory, with the exception of the Mysore and the Nizam's dominions, and of course the British provinces, were nominally under the government of the Rajah of Sattarah, but really, so far as any actual power existed, under that of the Peshwah—a hereditary minister, who ruled in the rajah's name at Poonah, a city not far distant from Bombay. The aggregate army of this power amounted to 300,000 men, and if directed by one single will in fact, as it was in theory, would have been extremely formidable. This, however, was far from being the case, the Mahratta territories nominally under the Peshwah's rule being divided into five military jurisdictions, each governed by a rajah. Of these chieftains, Scindiah and Holkar, whose territories were in the Malwah country, north of the Nerbudda, were the most powerful, and, as well as the less potent Rajah of Berar, determined, though not as yet open enemies of the intrusive English. Scindiah had greatly strengthened himself by his conquests in the north as far as Delhi, and by his influence at Poonah, where he in effect held the Peshwah in subjection. Of Scindiah's army, 40,000 infantry, 5000 cavalry, and 150 pieces of artillery, had been organized and disciplined by M. De Boigne, a native of Savoy in France, who entered Scindiah's service in 1784. He was succeeded by M. Perron, who at this time commanded at Delhi and the northern provinces. Two thirds of the officers of the army thus disciplined were Frenchmen or other Europeans. Holkar, a rival Mahratta chief, in order to strengthen himself against the growing power of Scindiah, had also engaged great numbers of French officers, and his numerous army was also in a high state of efficiency. Menaced by such formidable neighbors, who, although jealous of each other, were well disposed to combine against their common enemy, the English, it behoved the governor-general to be prompt and

decided if he would avert or dissipate the tempest rapidly gathering around him. He was swift and deadly. War was declared against Tippoo Sultan, and an admirably-appointed army of 80,000 men, previously assembled at Bellore, marched on the 10th March, 1799, under General Harris, upon Seringapatam. With the army of the Carnatic moved the Nizam's contingent, to which the 33d European Regiment had been attached under the command of Colonel Wellesley. This force operated on the right, and were somewhat harassed during the march by the sultan's troops. At Mallavily, Tippoo drew up in position, and offered hesitating battle to Wellesley's force, which, reinforced by some squadrons of horse under Sir John Floyd, the father-in-law of the late Sir Robert Peel, overthrew him with slight loss to themselves; and the troops, continuing their rapid march, arrived with the bulk of the army on the 3d of April before Seringapatam—an irregularly but strongly fortified city, situated on an island formed by the confluence of the Cauvery and Coleroon. The Cauvery was passed, active operations against the sultan's capital commenced at once, and were urged forward with untiring energy and zeal. On the night of the 5th of April Colonel Wellesley was directed to attack the Sultaun-pettah Tope, a kind of copse or grove intersected with water-courses and ruined habitations, from which the troops were frequently assailed by rockets. The 33d and two native Bengal regiments were ordered on this service. The night was extremely dark; Colonel Wellesley and his troops lost their way, and, after many vain efforts to remedy the mischance, it was found necessary to withdraw the men; but this was not done, unfortunately, till after twelve grenadiers of the 33d had been cut off and carried into Seringapatam, where they were savagely murdered by Tippoo's order. Colonel Wellesley, separated from his soldiers, wandered blindly about in the thick darkness till nearly twelve o'clock, when he recovered the track, and as soon as possible presented himself before General Harris in a state of great agitation, to announce that the attack had failed. This is the plain, unvarnished history of an affair which the decriers of the duke's military reputation have magnified into a disgraceful defeat; attended with we know not what inglorious circumstance, involving want of discretion, presence of mind, and even personal bravery. Such imputations are simply ridiculous, and but for the duke's subsequent dazzling career, in which an action less brilliant than the rest shows like a shadow or a stain, would, we may be sure, never have been heard of. Sir David Baird, who scoured another Tope with cavalry on the same night, also lost his way on returning. It was, in fact, one of those misfortunes which neither prudence nor skill nor daring can at times prevent, and is only one amongst scores of instances of the risks that must ever attend night-attacks, especially in tangled and broken localities, with which neither officers nor soldiers are acquainted. The next day the attempt was renewed by Colonel Wellesley, the attacking force being increased by the 94th Scotch Regiment. It was completely successful, and Tippoo Sultan began to feel some misgivings that his frequently-repeated boastful exclamation—"Who can take Seringapatam?"—might receive a fatal solution. He wrote to General Harris, suggesting a negotiation. The reply was decisive; half his territory to be ceded, the expenses of the war to be paid in full, and hostages given for the performance of

those hard conditions. There could be no parleying or negotiation. The fanatic sovereign of Mysore turned sullenly away from such ruinous terms of peace and continued the defence. Daily, hourly, the walls of the devoted city crumbled beneath the thunder-strokes of the English batteries, and at noon on the 4th of May the glittering ranks of the troops destined for the assault were seen from Seringapatam, drawn up in two columns, and waiting only for the signal that should loose them on their quarry. It was speedily given; and led by Sir David Baird, who had volunteered for the service, the assaulting columns, preceded by their respective forlorn-hopes, advanced swiftly against the breach. The reserve in the trenches was commanded by Colonel Wellesley. The preparations for the decisive struggle, visible from the walls, had been duly reported to Tippoo, who received the intelligence with a smile of disdainful unbelief in the possibility of an assault upon the impregnable city in broad daylight. He was sitting, on this the last hour of his life, still obstinately incredulous as to the reality of the attack, with some members of his family in the open air, under a kind of pent-house, when messengers, whose tidings were terribly confirmed by the increasing din and uproar of the assault, announced with quivering lips that the storming of the city had not only begun in earnest, but was already partially successful.

Tippoo, at length convinced, calmly arose, finished his religious exercises, and then hastened to the scene of conflict. It was all too true. The city, on his arrival, was substantially won; and after a brief struggle, Tippoo, mounted on horseback, was borne away by a crowd of panic-stricken soldiers, who, hotly pursued, endeavored to escape by the covered gateway leading to the interior of the city. The sultan strove to force his way through the dense mass of fugitives; but in that terrible hour his once all-potent menaces had lost their influence; the living barrier before him could not be passed, whilst nearer and nearer behind him, flashed and thundered the fatal volleys of his pursuers. Presently his horse was shot, and with difficulty his faithful attendants raised and placed him in a palanquin. His foes were soon at hand-grip with him. A soldier made a furious grasp at a glittering jewel in his turban—the hallowed turban dipped in the sacred waters of the Zem-Zem—Tippoo struck feebly at the man with his scimitar, inflicting a slight wound, and the infuriated soldier the next instant sent a bullet through his head. His attendants were next despatched, and in a few minutes sultan, servants, palanquin, were hidden beneath a heap of dead, pitilessly sacrificed by troops whose vengeful passions had been kindled to fury by the too-authentic stories related of Tippoo's cruelties towards the British prisoners that had fallen into his hands. Effective resistance was at an end; but those alone who have witnessed the revolting spectacle of a crowded city in the power of a soldiery, drunk with the triumph of a desperate and sanguinary assault, can realize the confusion, uproar, terror, that accompanied the entrance of the victorious troops into Seringapatam, and which continued not only during the afternoon but through the night, and far into the next day. So universal at first was the disorder, that the officers could not for some time prevent the men from plundering the sultan's treasury; and before an efficient guard could be marshaled in from the reserve by Colonel Wellesley, an immense booty was carried off. This important service effected,

inquiries were made for Tippoo, and an active search set on foot to discover him. He could not be found, and it began to be feared that he had escaped, when word was brought that he was supposed to have fallen in the covered gateway. This was a fact of too great importance to be left in doubt, and Sir David Baird with Colonel Wellesley immediately proceeded to ascertain the truth of the report with their own eyes. By the time they arrived at the indicated spot darkness had fallen: but, torches being procured, the bodies of the slain were removed under the immediate inspection of the two officers. As the frightful heap diminished, first Tippoo's palanquin, then his attendants, were disinterred, and immediately beneath them the corpse of the sultan presented itself. The features of Tippoo were serene and composed as if he slept; so completely so, indeed, that it was for a moment thought he was merely feigning death. To satisfy himself, Colonel Wellesley stepped close to the body, placed his hand upon the pulse and then upon the heart. "He is dead fast enough," was the remark; and orders were immediately given to convey the corpse to the habitation of the family of the deceased ruler, over which a strong protective-guard had been placed.

St. George's flag waved proudly in the morning sunlight from the towers of the captured city, from which there still went up to heaven the shouts and din and curses of unbridled violence and outrage. It was full time to quell the disorder, and with this view Colonel Wellesley was appointed commandant and governor of Seringapatam. He set to work at once, and vigorously, as the following brief extracts from letters hurriedly despatched to General Harris during the day amply testify:—

10 A. M., 5th May.

MY DEAR SIR—We are in such confusion that I recommend it to you not to come in till to-morrow, or at soonest late this evening.

Half-past Twelve.—I wish you would send the provost here, and put him under my orders. Until some of the plunderers are hanged, it is vain to expect to stop the plunder.

Two o'clock, P. M.—Things are better than they were, but they are still very bad; and until the provost executes three or four people, it is impossible to expect order or indeed safety.

The provost was granted; four of the plunderers were caught red-handed, briefly doomed, and hanged without loss of time. This is not pleasant reading, for even the justice of war shocks one as a frightful cruelty; but the severity appears to have been imperatively necessary, and it certainly answered its purpose, inasmuch as Colonel Wellesley was enabled on the next day to write as follows:—

May 6.—Plunder is stopped. The fires are all extinguished, and the inhabitants are returning to their homes fast. I am now burying the dead, which I hope will be completed to-day, particularly if you send me all the pioneers.

Some idea of the value of the plunder carried off by the soldiery may be drawn from the well-attested fact, that some diamonds purchased of a private, by Dr. Mein, for a trifle, were afterwards sold for £32,000 sterling. With all such drawbacks, however, upon the amount of valuables officially captured, the victorious general carried off treasure

to the enormous amount, as set down in the returns, of 45,580,350 star pagodas!

The war, as far as the Mysore country was concerned, was now over; and the bulk of the army retraced its steps, after the youthful grandson of the ruler whom Hyder Ali had deposed had been restored to the rajahship of Mysore, in accordance with British-Indian policy. The restored rajah was of course for the future merely the puppet-monarch of a diminished territory, really as much governed by the Company's officers as that portion of the Mysore over which they ostensibly ruled.

Colonel Wellesley was appointed civil and military governor of Seringapatam and Mysore, and in that dual capacity is admitted to have displayed administrative talents of a high order. However deaf and stern to the pleadings for mercy towards proved offenders against the rigors of positive law this great soldier may have shown himself throughout his remarkable career—a peculiarity of character which may perhaps account for the indisputable fact, that whilst he extorted the respect and confidence of the troops under his command, accustoming them as he did to look upon the day of battle as one of assured victory, he was never regarded by his soldiers with personal affection, much less enthusiasm, like that, for instance, which Nelson inspired—still it cannot be denied that he ever held the balance of his iron justice fairly between the highest and the lowest. A more depressed, ill-used body of men than the coolies of India could not perhaps be found upon the face of the earth. Of a servile and degraded caste, they are accustomed from earliest childhood to submit with the resignation of despair to the most flagrant wrong; and British officers were not, it appears from Colonel Wellesley's correspondence, ashamed to cheat and plunder the helpless, miserable people. Coolies are the carriers and porters of India, and it was a common practice to engage them for short journeys at a small sum, and then insist upon their performing a much greater distance without any additional remuneration. This scandalous oppression was peremptorily checked by Colonel Wellesley, as the following extracts will show:—"The history of Captain —'s conduct is quite shocking. The system is not bearable; it must be abolished entirely, or so arranged and modified as to render it certain that the unfortunate people employed as coolies are paid, are not carried farther than the usual stage, and are not ill-treated. Besides Captain —, I have another Bombay gentleman in my eye, who has lately come through the country with a convoy of arrack, and I suspect played the same tricks—that is to say, never paid the people pressed and employed by him in the public service. I have directed inquiries to be made on the subject, and, if I find my conjectures to be well founded, I shall try him at the same time with Captain —."

The oppressed coolies must have been as much bewildered as surprised to find the mighty governor of Mysore insisting that despised outcasts such as they should receive equitable treatment at the hands of the exalted and magnificent persons that British officers in India are held to be.

Colonel Wellesley's command in the Mysore continued with only one temporary interruption till he left India. In 1801 he left Seringapatam for Trincomalee, where a force of 3000 men were assembled to act against the Mauritius; but the duplicate copy of an overland dispatch to the governor-general, commanding him to detach the same number of men to Egypt, having been placed in

Colonel Wellesley's hands by Mr. Dundas, he immediately determined on sailing with the troops to Bombay, in order that they should be ready to start at once for Egypt. This decision was approved of by the governor-general, and Sir David Baird being appointed to command the expedition, Colonel Wellesley was attached to the force as second to that general. An attack of fever, by which he was for a time prostrated, prevented him from accompanying the troops, and on his recovery he was restored to his command in the Mysore territory.

The first considerable interruption to his energetic administration of affairs was caused by the incursions of Dhoondiah Waugh, a Mahratta trooper, who at the fall of Seringapatam had been liberated from one of its dungeons. He was a dashing, daring adventurer, and, by his success as a highwayman and freebooter, soon gathered round him a great number of desperate vagabonds, eager to join in the same gainful trade. So rapidly did his followers increase, that he was soon at the head of a large, and, so far as numbers went, a powerful army. His self-estimation grew even faster than his apparent power, and he assumed the magnificent title of "King of the Two Worlds." This great monarch, after receiving several checks from detachments of the British forces, was, unfortunately for himself, come up with at Conaghale on the 10th September, 1800, by Colonel Wellesley, after a forced and rapid march with the 19th, 25th, and 22d Light Dragoons, and the 1st and 2d Regiments of Native Cavalry. The attack was instantaneous, and the rout total, the King of the Two Worlds being himself among the slain. An anecdote is related of Colonel Wellesley, in connection with the extinction of this freebooter, which does him honor. One of the captives was the favorite son of Dhoondiah—a beautiful boy, called Sulaboh Khan—and Colonel Wellesley, commiserating his forlorn state, took him under his especial protection, had him properly educated, and ultimately procured him employment in the service of the Rajah at Mysore, which he retained till his death by cholera, in 1822.

The Mahratta chiefs, Scindiah and Holkar, instead of vigorously assisting Tippoo Sultan in his extremity, had got up a war between themselves; and in October, 1802, Holkar defeated the combined forces of Scindiah and the Peshwah, and seated a puppet of his own on the musnud. The Peshwah, previous to leaving Poonah after his defeat, applied to the Company's resident for help and protection. The application, on reference to the governor-general, was favorably entertained; a treaty of alliance was entered into with the expelled Peshwah; and it was determined to put down, not only Holkar, who, in the elation of his triumph over the Peshwah, menaced the Nizam's dominions with invasion, but Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. A force sufficient for the purpose was assembled at Hurryhur, and placed under the command of Major-General Wellesley. This rank the governor-general had conferred upon his brother on the 2d of April, 1802. We have previously given the dates of the unearned military grades conferred upon the Duke of Wellington, and it may be as well now to set down those for which he was indebted, not to the accident of birth and family connection, but to his great services. His commission of colonel was conferred on the 3d of May, 1796; that of major-general, 2d of April, 1802; of lieutenant-general, 25th April, 1808; of

general in Spain and Portugal, 31st July, 1811; of field-marshal, 21st June, 1813.

We have space only for a glance at General Wellesley's chief exploits during this Mahratta war, as it is called. The army, consisting of about 20,000 troops of all arms, moved from Hurryhur on the 9th of March, 1803, and, without encountering any serious opposition, arrived at Poonah on the 20th of April. On the 13th of May the Peshwah was replaced on the musnud. Supreme civil and military authority in the territories of the Nizam, the Peshwah, and the Mahratta States, was soon afterwards conferred on General Wellesley, and on the 6th of August he took the field against Scindiah and his allies. Pettah, a native town, garrisoned by 3000 Mahratta troops and 1500 Arab mercenaries, was, without stopping to breach the wall, stormed by the help of a few scaling-ladders, and the loss of only 140 men. Gockiah, a Mahratta chief, wrote the following account of this affair to his friends at Poonah:—"These English are a strange people, and their general is a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. What can withstand them?" The strong fortress of Ahmednuggur was next attacked, and compelled to surrender. There was a palace in the interior which contained an immense quantity of valuables, and of so tempting a kind that the general was compelled to hang two native soldiers in the gateway before he could quietly secure the booty for distribution in the proper way. The fort of Baroach shared the fate of Ahmednuggur little more than a fortnight afterwards, and so successful were General Wellesley's operations, that if a good blow could be struck at Scindiah's army—reputed to be extremely formidable, not only from its numbers, but the excellent discipline of the infantry, and its powerful, well-organized artillery—the Mahratta difficulty in that part of the peninsula at least might be considered terminated. To effect this desirable object no effort was spared, and on the 22d of September the hurkarus or scouts brought intelligence that the army of Scindiah was posted at Bohendur, no very great distance off. General Wellesley immediately divided his army into two divisions, one of which he placed under the command of Colonel Stevenson, with directions to make a detour to the west, in order to avoid passing through a narrow and dangerous defile; whilst he himself took the more direct easterly route. Stevenson was to rejoin him late in the evening of the 23d. Early on the morning of that day General Wellesley was informed by the hurkarus that Scindiah's cavalry had gone off, but that the infantry still remained at Bohendur. Wellesley put himself in motion instantly, leaving his baggage behind under a sufficient guard, and, after a sultry, hurried march, found himself, about noon, suddenly in the presence of an army of 50,000 men, of which full 30,000 were cavalry, drawn up between the rivers Juah and Ketnah, the village of Assye on the Juah being nearly in the centre of the line! The hurkarus had either wilfully or ignorantly deceived him.

As this terrible battle elicited the first unmistakable proof that General Wellesley possessed those rare and indispensable attributes of a great commander—the eagle sweep which takes in at a glance all the essential points of the situation, however terrible it may be, or however suddenly presented, and the prompt sagacity and daring that

at once decides upon and execute the fittest means of overcoming the threatened danger—a somewhat detailed account of the unequal conflict may be desirable.

The Mahratta forces were, as we have said, drawn up between the rivers Juah and Ketnah; which streams, gradually approaching each other, met on their left. In this narrow part of the peninsula, as we may call the ground thus marked by the confluence of two rivers, the infantry, a disciplined body of about 12,000 men, were posted; in the centre 100 guns fully manned were ranged; and on the right, in the broader and still widening space leading up to Bohender, upwards of 30,000 well-mounted horsemen, glittering in all the rainbow splendor of Eastern costume, were encamped—their apparently innumerable and various-colored tents presenting all the life and bustle of a town, with jewellers, smiths, and other trades, pursuing their avocations as if within the walls of a peaceful and crowded city. The British force, amounting to no more than 8700 sabres and bayonets, with seventeen guns, arrived in front of this numerous and formidable cavalry, the river Ketnah running along their front till its junction with the Juah. It was a startling as well as magnificent spectacle, and so apparently desperate were the odds that General Wellesley has been frequently blamed by rule-and-line tacticians for hazarding a battle in which he had, according to them, no right to expect success. He should have retired, say they, and declined a battle till Stevenson had joined. Such reasoners appear to forget that there is a relative force and weakness of armies that cannot be estimated by merely counting their proportionate numbers. Above the colors of the English battalions there floated a halo which, however boldly the Mahratta soldiers might carry it, disquieted them more than would thrice the number of men, however brave and disciplined, who lacked it. The crash of the falling towers of Seringapatam, the swift destruction that had overtaken the King of the Two Worlds, the storming of Pettah, the capture of the strongholds of Ahmednuggur and Baroach, must have been vividly present to the imaginations of those impressionable children of the East, exciting dread and apprehension which no array of cannon nor of numbers on their own side could diminish, much less dissipate. To display fear or hesitation would be to throw away that mighty moral force; to retreat, to turn back before that numerous cavalry, would be ruin!

Whatever General Wellesley felt on finding himself unexpectedly before so imposing an array, no look or word betrayed the slightest surprise or dismay. A few minutes decided his plan of attack, which was as vigorously executed as it was ably conceived. The troops wheeled off quickly to the right, towards the confluence of the two rivers, and passing the ford of Peepulgao near the extremity of the narrowing peninsula, turned the left of the Mahratta force, compelling the infantry that composed it to change their front, and draw up in several lines across the peninsula, their right resting on the Ketnah, and their left on a nullah or stream which flowed parallel with the Ketnah, on the Juah side, by Assye. By this change of position it is evident the Mahratta cavalry could not fairly operate till their infantry and artillery, now between them and the British force, were either beaten or victorious. A furious battle at once commenced; but it was soon found that the seventeen field-pieces possessed by the British could make no effectual

reply to the numerous and well-served guns of the enemy, and General Wellesley commanded an attack by the bayonet along the entire front. A loud cheer greeted the welcome and decisive order; an advancing line of levelled steel glittered through the driving cannon-smoke; and with a fierce and rapid step the British soldiers closed upon their numerous foes. They were not waited for; the Mahratta infantry fired a feeble, ineffective volley, then broke and fled; the British left, which General Wellesley led in person, pursuing them with terrible slaughter and capturing all their guns. The British right, composed of the 74th regiment and some pickets, were equally successful in the charge; but in following it up, the officer in command, instead of taking a more sheltered circuitous course towards Assye, led his men across level ground, which the Mahratta artillery swept like a glacié, and the men fell by dozens. Seeing this, an immense body of Mahratta horse crept round by Assye, and fell upon the staggering English infantry. At this crisis of the battle, Colonel Maxwell was ordered to charge with the 19th dragoons and a sepoy cavalry regiment. He did so valiantly, swept through, over the Mahratta horse, cut down as he passed the gunners at their places, and broke through Scindiah's left with irresistible fury, utterly routing it. This gallant charge, successful as it was, was an exhausting one; and a cloud of Mahratta cavalry, which, drawn up on an eminence, had as yet only overlooked the battle, now joined in it, rallying as they came on the dispersed artillerymen and broken infantry. This movement the British general had foreseen and prepared for. The 78th regiment and one of native horse had been held in reserve, and these, with the survivors of the 74th, vehemently charged the but as yet half-beaten Mahratta forces; Maxwell's brigade, who had in the mean time breathed their horses, joined in the fierce onslaught, and in a few minutes Scindiah's army, horse and foot, was a mass of panic-stricken fugitives, abandoning and throwing away in their headlong flight cannon, tents, arms, and stores, after losing in slain and wounded men and prisoners nearly twice the number of their assailants.

The victory was a splendid one, but it was dearly purchased. The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to 1581 men, according to the official lists; and amongst the former was the gallant Colonel Maxwell, who was slain in the pursuit. General Wellesley had two horses shot under him; "one of them," he wrote the next day, "was Diomed, Colonel Aston's horse!" The loss fell, as usual in Indian battles, in much the greatest proportion upon the British part of the attacking force. The 74th especially suffered severely, and a picket that went into action with one officer and 150 men, mustered after the battle only four rank-and-file!

The Mahratta chiefs never recovered this heavy blow, followed as it was by the less remarkable, though quite as decisive victory of Argaum and the capture of Asseerghur and Gawulgur. They sued for peace, and Lord Lake having been quite as successful in the northern provinces and at Delhi against M. Perron, terms dictated by the conquerors were agreed upon, and, on the 30th of December, 1803, the Mahratta war terminated.

The work of General Wellesley in India was now accomplished, and he was anxious to return to Europe, where no soldier had yet appeared capable of measuring himself against the marshals of France, who, with their redoubted chief, had not only inspired the continent with a panic-terror of

their arms, but were again threatening a descent upon England. He embarked for Europe on the 10th of March, 1805, in the *Trident* frigate, after having received, from the officers of the army he had commanded, the merchants of Calcutta, and the native inhabitants of Seringapatam, highly gratifying and substantial tokens of admiration and esteem. The officers of the army subscribed for a gold vase, to be inscribed with the name of his great victory, Assye—this was subsequently changed to a service of plate; the merchants of Calcutta presented him with a sword valued at a thousand guineas; and, a far more honoring tribute than these, the native people of Seringapatam presented him with an address, containing a prayer "to the God of all castes and colors," to bless and reward him for his just and equal rule in the Mysore. He had been previously, on the 1st September, 1804, created a Knight-Companion of the Bath, and was consequently now Sir Arthur Wellesley, K. C. B.

The cannon of Trafalgar awoke Napoleon from his day-dream of a successful invasion of England; and the British ministry, relieved from the idea of a French army advancing upon London, that had so long haunted them, despatched Earl Cathcart and General Don with a British force to Northern Germany, to assist in the confidently-predicted march to Paris of the now allied Austrian and Russian armies. The recently-arrived young "General of Sepoys"—as the scribes of the "Moniteur," not yet knowing him quite so well as in after years, sneeringly called Sir Arthur Wellesley—was ordered to join them there. By the time he arrived Lord Cathcart had received intelligence of the battle of Austerlitz, and the detachment against him of Augereau with 40,000 men of the Grand Army. The earl's first thought on receiving this news was of the transport-ships, and his next to summon a council of war, to decide upon embarking. It was of course attended by Major-General Wellesley, who was the youngest general officer present. The elders of the council were unanimous in their opinion of the desirableness of getting back to England as speedily as possible, although of course for different, but all equally cogent reasons. The sole dissident was Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was of opinion that a heavy blow might be struck through Augereau at the superstition of the French invincibility which prevailed throughout the continent, that would go far to rekindle the hopes extinguished in the blood of Austerlitz. "Say," argued the young general—"say that Augereau has forty thousand men: they will be greatly diminished before he can reach us by his hurried march through a wasted and unfriendly country. And, even if otherwise, strongly posted and abundantly supplied as we are, we ought to beat him. A victory might have immense results, and a defeat would not be ruinous, as we could always embark under cover of the shipping. That is a sure and ought to be a last resource." The seniors listened to the inexperienced soldier with elevated eyebrows and good-natured superiority. He might know how to win such battles as Assye, but what was that to encountering such terrible fellows as Augereau and forty thousand men of "the Grand Army!" The rash advice was spurned, and Wellesley, with a cold, disdainful smile playing about his keen gray eyes and thin compressed lips, left the council, and soon afterwards was again in England.

On the 10th of April, 1806, Sir Arthur Wellesley married the Honorable Catherine Pakenham, third

daughter of Edward Michael, second Lord Longford. By this marriage he had issue two sons; Arthur, born 3d of February, 1807, at Harley Street, London; and Charles, born 16th January, 1808, at the Secretary's Lodge, near Dublin.

In 1806, Sir Arthur was returned to Parliament for the borough of Rye, and on the 3d of April, 1807, he accepted the office of chief-secretary for Ireland; with the express understanding, however, with the minister, that his secretaryship should not stand in the way of his military employment should occasion require his services. His administration of Irish affairs was characterized by an unbending harshness, that rendered him very unpopular there, for which probably he did not care one straw. He was the author of the famous Insurrection Act, which, amongst other pleasant provisions, enacted that any Irishman found out of his house after sundown, in the proclaimed districts, should be liable to transportation. Sir Arthur organized a police for Dublin, and in this is said to have rendered good service to the Irish metropolis. But work for which he was much better fitted was again preparing for him.

The Austro-Russian combination ended by Austerlitz and the treaty of Tilsit, instead of the march to Paris and the dethronement of the French Emperor; and after some scandalous transactions between Napoleon and Alexander, by which, for the sake of a Russian alliance against Great Britain, the ruler of France agreed to transfer Wallachia and Moldavia to the northern potentate, with a half promise to throw in Constantinople over the bargain at some future day, the two emperors solemnly and magnanimously offered peace to England—a peace to be based upon the principle that each power should retain all it had acquired during the war. France, her continental acquisitions, including Spain, which Bonaparte, by shameless perfidy and force, had just taken military possession of; Russia, the two principalities we have mentioned; and England, the sugar-islands—colonies, even Malta, once so vehemently refused by Napoleon, that she had wrested from France, Spain, and Holland. This proposal, made with great form and circumstance, was substantially repelled at once, the British government in their reply refusing to treat without their allies, including the Spanish insurgents, as the czar and the emperor styled the outraged and indignant Spanish nation. Prosperity must have weakened Napoleon's ordinary observation, if it be true, as M. Thiers intimates, that he believed his new alliance would terrify this country into the abandonment of Spain and Turkey, and the acceptance of an unstable, futile peace. Russia, in any possible combination against Great Britain, must count for next to nothing, from not possessing any efficient means of offensive action against her, for the "march to India" is nothing more than a dream. But there was a nearer and a much greater fear: the crown-prince of Denmark, who had been for some time coquetting with Bonaparte, and who was known to be extremely anxious to retain his continental possessions—the portion of Germany that has lately been the cause and theatre of so much strife and bloodshed, and which in 1807 was completely in the power of the French ruler—had a numerous fleet at Copenhagen, that, if added to the French navy, might have redressed the catastrophe of Trafalgar, and this was therefore for England a veritable danger. Under these circumstances the British ministry determined on sending a naval and mili-

tary expedition to the Danish capital, to enforce the surrender of the fleet to England, in trust, till the conclusion of a general peace. We shall not attempt to defend the much-controverted morality of this enterprise: indeed, the morality of the most approved war-tactics is, if it exist at all, of so subtle and fugitive a nature, that, if willing, we should be quite unable to say what is or what is not harmony with it; but this at least is certain, that subsequent disclosures proved irrefragably that if the Danish fleet had not been forcibly taken possession of by the English, it would have been handed over to Napoleon. But, whatever the justice or expediency of the project, its execution was complete and masterly. The military force was nominally under the orders of Earl Cathcart, but Sir Arthur Wellesley, second in command, was virtually the leader of the expedition; and he, by the vigor and rapidity of his operations, left little else for the naval commander, Admiral Gambier, to do, than to escort the surrendered fleet safely home. Immediately on the arrival of the troops in the Isle of Zealand, the brief campaign commenced. The Danish forces offered a brave opposition at Kiøge; but they were pushed aside, or driven headlong upon Copenhagen, with the loss of 1100 prisoners, including sixty officers and ten pieces of cannon. The cannonade and bombardment of the Danish capital followed quickly afterwards: it was in flames on the 4th, and on the 5th of September, 1808, just as the storming forces were about to attack the breach, the crown-prince capitulated. The Danish fleet, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, nine frigates, fourteen sloops, with an immense quantity of naval stores, were given up to the British admiral, and conveyed to England. Two ships on the stocks were also taken to pieces and carried away, and two others were burnt. The operations were throughout conducted by Sir Arthur Wellesley—the Earl Cathcart, much to his credit for good sense, having confined himself to receiving and perusing the despatches to head-quarters of his skilful and audacious second in command. For this service Sir Arthur, and of course Earl Cathcart and Admiral Gambier, received the thanks of the crown and parliament.

Lord Roslyn, who accompanied the expedition, took a favorite mare with him, which proved with foal in the Isle of Zealand. On her return home a colt was produced, which was named Copenhagen, and was the famous horse that carried the Duke through the day of Waterloo, and was buried with military honors at Strathfieldsaye in 1835.

The desperate though badly organized and unsuccessful resistance of the insurgent Spanish people to the infamous seizure of their country by Bonaparte, and the occupation of Lisbon by Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, induced the British government to send an auxiliary army to the Peninsula, and the command of the troops assembled at Cork for that purpose was given to Sir Arthur Wellesley. The ardent general arrived at Corunna on the 20th of July, 1808, and was there informed by the vaporing junta that Spain had plenty of soldiers; she only wanted money. They added that the British army could not be better employed than in clearing Portugal of the French force under Junot. The unaccountable surrender of Dupont at Baylen had in fact turned the brains of the juntas throughout Spain, and it required many and bitter lessons to bring them back to modesty and reason. Sir Arthur immediately sailed for the Tagus, and after an interview with Admiral Sir Charles Cot-

ton, who was blockading a Russian squadron that had taken refuge in that river, decided on landing at the mouth of the Mondego, an operation which was effected on the 3d of August, 1808. General Spencer had joined, and their united forces amounted to nearly 20,000 men, but were utterly deficient in cavalry, there being only a few hundred badly-mounted horsemen with the force. Sir John Moore, Sir Arthur's senior officer, was daily expected with a large reinforcement; but General Wellesley, naturally anxious to strike a good blow before another arrived to snatch the command from him; marched rapidly along the coast towards Lisbon. General Bernardin Freire, a Portuguese officer, at the head of about 6000 men, accompanied Wellesley for some distance; but as they neared the French, a rooted disbelief in the possibility of vanquishing Napoleon's generals grew upon him, and casting about for an excuse to avoid the approaching conflict, he hit upon the singular one of demanding that the British general should supply the Portuguese troops with rations! This absurd requisition was of course refused; indeed, it was impossible to comply with it, and Don Bernardin separated himself from the English commander, leaving, however, at the request of the latter—who was anxious to retain the moral support with the country people of the presence of native troops—one regiment with the British, whom Sir Arthur undertook to supply with rations. The first resistance encountered was at Rolica, where the French general, Laborde, resolutely defended some difficult, tangled passes, retiring slowly step by step, and inflicting great loss upon the British, who could not, from the nature of the ground, return his incessant, well-directed fire with any effect. This destruction accomplished, Laborde retreated rapidly and skilfully before the English could reach him in any sufficient force. The day after this bitter fight, the army resumed its route, and received intelligence that Junot had marched out of Lisbon—after threatening to fire it on his return if, during his absence, there should be any effort at revolt—had rallied Laborde and Loyson, and was coming on with the fixed intention of "driving the Leopards into the sea;" this being the stereotyped "Moniteur" phrase for beating and drowning the English armies. Meanwhile the "Leopards," confident in their general and themselves, were in the highest spirits, nothing doubting that a gazette-extraordinary would, before many days elapsed, silence the exasperating sneers of certain eloquent English politicians at the folly and rashness, as they were pleased to term it, of opposing the "pipe-clayed soldiers of Whitehall" to the war-accustomed veterans of France. A dark cloud came between them and their hopes. A dispatch from Lord Castlereagh had informed Sir Arthur Wellesley that Sir Harry Burrard was on his way to supersede him in the command of the troops, and that shortly afterwards Sir Hew Dalrymple might be expected to supersede Sir Harry. The first instalment of the threatened calamity had arrived. General Burrard's presence on board a frigate off the coast was signalled, and Sir Arthur, as in duty bound, waited upon him, and reported the state of affairs. He related what had been already done, and announced his intention of marching to meet Junot at dawn the next morning. Sir Harry Burrard would not hear of such a proceeding, than which nothing, he said, could be more rash. "Offer battle without cavalry, and with artillery horses, as Sir Harry Burrard under-

stood, good for nothing! Sir Arthur must not think of such a thing; no battle must be offered till the arrival of the reinforcements under Sir John Moore." Vainly did Sir Arthur urge his reasons for desiring immediate battle, and assure General Burrard that success was as certain as any not yet accomplished event in war could be. It was useless; the advance of the army was peremptorily forbidden; and one can easily believe that as Sir Arthur stepped into the boat that was to convey him ashore, the same bitter smile which had been observed in Earl Cathcart's council-room again played about his lips with increased intensity, and that a flushed and angry brow surmounted the flashing eyes. Fortune made amends for the injustice of his official superior. The morning disclosed the gratifying sight of Junot's army in full march towards the English, and, without a shameful flight, battle was inevitable. Sir Arthur's dispositions were quickly made, and with perfect tranquillity and confidence he awaited Junot's approach. The French attacked with their usual valor and impetuosity, and, after an obstinate conflict, were driven back in utter confusion upon all points, leaving in the power of the British thirteen guns and many hundred prisoners, amongst whom was a general officer. It was now twelve o'clock; Sir Harry Burrard, who had lauded a short time previously, assumed the command, and Sir Arthur's order for two divisions of the army to press fiercely upon the disordered French and drive them over the Sierra de Baraguedo, whilst Hill, Austruther, and Fane, by a rapid flank-march, gained the Pass of Torres-Vedras, and cut Junot off from Lisbon—which would have been equivalent, or nearly so, to the French commander's surrendering at discretion—was countermanded. Sir Arthur Wellesley expostulated warmly, it is said. General Burrard gave his reasons:—Enough had been done; the English had no cavalry; the French were rallying; the artillery-traces were damaged, &c. &c. In fine, he would hear of no pursuit; especially of no flank-march upon Lisbon, which was a thing contrary to all rule. Sir Arthur, obliged to yield, turned to one of the staff, and said: "We had better see about getting some dinner, as there is nothing more for soldiers to do to-day." Thus ended the battle of Vimeira.

Junot, thanks to Sir Harry Burrard, got safely back to Lisbon, and there dictated a bulletin explanatory of the reasons why he had not driven the Leopards into the sea, afterwards published in the "Moniteur" as materials for history. Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived soon afterwards, and he and Sir Harry Burrard, with General Wellesley's sulken assent—for in the present posture of affairs nothing better seemed likely to be done—concluded the famous Convention, called of Cintra, why, it is difficult to say, by virtue of which the French army were to evacuate Portugal, on condition of being comfortably conveyed with all their arms, horses, artillery, baggage, (plunder,) to the nearest French port in British vessels! One of the conditions granted by Dalrymple was that the Russian fleet should be permitted to leave the Tagus, and be given certain *law* or distance, as sportsmen do to a fox, before the British admiral started in pursuit. This article required the consent of Sir Charles Cotton, and was at once rejected by that officer. This news arriving in the British camp caused immense exultation there, from the belief that the hated convention was consequently at an end. Sir Hew Dalrymple thought so too, and wrote in that

sense to Junot; but the marshal was too well satisfied with the convention to hesitate at the sacrifice of the Russian fleet; and at once signed it, quite regardless of the omission of the stipulation in behalf of the French Emperor's august ally.

Sir Arthur Wellesley got away home as quickly as he could, and resumed his duties as Irish secretary, grimly awaiting a time when he might measure himself with those famous French marshals unfettered and uncrippled by such well-meaning, old-world generals as Burrard and Dalrymple.

The burst of indignation excited in England by the news of the Convention of Cintra compelled the ministry to appoint a court of inquiry, which, under the presidency of Earl Moira, met at Chelsea. It led to no result, and would scarcely have been worth mentioning here except for the purpose of relating a very honorable, although apparently trifling incident in so crowded a life as that of the Duke of Wellington. Sir Arthur was questioned relative to the refusal of Sir Harry Burrard to permit the flank-march upon Lisbon after the victory of Vimeira. He generously excused Burrard, although of course maintaining that he had judged rightly in ordering the movement which that general had countermanded. "I would do so again," said Sir Arthur, "under similar circumstances; still, I am bound to say that Sir Harry Burrard decided on fair military reasons." No doubt of it. The only difference was, that Sir Arthur could see farther and more clearly than the aged veteran, who, there can be no doubt, decided, as he believed, for the best.

The able but disastrous campaign of Sir John Moore followed—a campaign flippantly condemned by the glittering rhetoric of Mr. Canning and other orators, but of which the Duke of Wellington has written the following defence: "The only error I can discern in Sir John Moore's campaign is, that he ought to have looked upon the advance to Sahagun as a movement in retreat, and have sent officers to the rear to mark and arrange the halting-points of each brigade. But this is an opinion formed after a long experience of war, and especially of Spanish war, which must be seen to be understood. Finally, it is an opinion formed after the event." Marshal Soult, who commanded the French at Corunna, speaks thus of the English general: "General Moore opposed every possible obstacle to me during a long and difficult retreat, and died in a battle which does honor to his memory." These testimonies are as honorable to the commanders who penned them as to the gallant but ill-fated soldier whose fame they vindicate.

The deliverance of the Peninsula was still a prime object with the people of Great Britain, and it was determined to make another strenuous effort towards its accomplishment. Sir Arthur Wellesley, upon the distinct understanding that he should not be again superseded without reasonable cause, accepted the command of the army in Portugal; finally resigned the office of Irish Secretary; and arrived at Lisbon on the 22d of April, 1809, Sir John Craddock, who had previously commanded there, returning home. Active preparations for immediate hostilities at once commenced, and were urged with such unflagging vigor by Sir Arthur that in little more than a fortnight after his arrival in Portugal he was enabled to strike the terrible blow at Soult, which, reverberating throughout Europe, first roused the nations to a perception of the great fact that a general had at last entered the lists against France, who, in skill, promptitude, and

daring, was to the full the equal of the distinguished military chieftains that had sprung from that soldier-teeming soil. Our space will forbid us to do more than glance at the series of brilliant triumphs that illuminate the history of the Peninsular campaign; we can only hurriedly point to the more salient and conspicuous heights along which leaped the flame of victory till it shone upon the startled land of France. And let us not be misunderstood in thus speaking of the skill and hardihood displayed by our countrymen in the strictly defensive contest waged in behalf of the betrayed and downtrodden peoples of Spain and Portugal. We yield to none in our dislike of war. Successful violence and wrong, however gilded over with fine-sounding phrases, however blazoned in history and song, are still with us detestable violence and wrong. But the spirit which prompts resistance to insolent invasion, and valiant defiance of triumphant oppression, is a virtue, a true heroism; its aim, the vindication of justice—it is final victory, peace.

Marshal Soult had some time previously invaded Portugal from Orense in Galicia, and, after dissipating the undisciplined forces opposed to him, and committing or permitting many cruel excesses, established his head-quarters at Oporto, on the Douro, with about 25,000 men. Marshal Victor, with another considerable French army, was at Almeida. It was desirable to attack them separately, at once; and the British general, after providing against danger from Victor, marched with the step of a giant upon Oporto. Arrived on the borders of the Douro, he found Soult quietly reposing in the subjugated city, after taking the precaution of destroying the bridge and securing all the boats to his own side of a river three hundred yards wide. This done, he felt perfectly satisfied that he could not be attacked except by sea, and without receiving full notice of the intention of his enemy. He was slumbering in a fool's paradise. Sir Arthur Wellesley first despatched Beresford to seize the bridge at Amarante held by Loysen, and prevent Soult's escape by that road: then Sir John Murray, with the British cavalry, was sent off to cross the Douro some miles further up; and at dawn of day on the 12th of May, Sir Arthur with his staff, partially concealed from the unsuspecting French outposts by a bend in the river, was eagerly searching for means of crossing to the other side. The eye of the British general rested upon a large unfinished building on the opposite shore, called a seminary. Could he find or contrive means of crossing, it would, he saw, afford a strong *point d'appui* for the passage of the troops. At this moment Colonel Waters, a zealous and adventurous staff-officer, brought the welcome intelligence that, having met a poor barber crossing in a skiff at some distance up the river, he, aided by the influence of the prior of Amarante, had persuaded the barber not only to lend his boat, but to return with them to the other side, and assist in unfastening and bringing across three barges. This was great news. The barges were quickly reported ready, and a brief "Let the men cross," gave the order for this daring enterprise. The first detachment landed unobserved, and took quiet possession of the unfinished seminary; the second and the third were equally fortunate; but before the fourth could cross, the quick firing of the French sentinels, soon followed by the hurried roll of Soult's drums, announced that they were discovered; and the British troops, who had hitherto been kept out of sight, crowded to the banks of the river, and greeted the

French—who presently poured out of Oporto in order to attack the seminary before its defenders became too numerous—with loud shouts of exultation and defiance. The struggle at the seminary soon became furious—deadly. Paget was wounded. Hill succeeded him, but so doubtful at one time appeared the issue that Sir Arthur, but for the remonstrances of his staff, and the reflection that Hill would do all that man could to maintain the position, would himself have crossed over. Presently loud shouts were heard from the quays of the awakened city, whose inhabitants, roused from their slumbers by the din and tumult of the surprise and contest, were unchaining the boats, and rowing them with frantic eagerness across the river. The British now crossed by hundreds, and it was not long before a cloud of dust, through which glimmered the flashing sabres of the English cavalry, announced the approach of Sir John Murray. Soult saw that the game was lost; and abandoning the city, his sick, stores, baggage, and artillery, everything with the exception of a few light field-pieces, went off rapidly in the direction of the bridge of Amarante, which he expected to find in the safe-keeping of the 3000 men under Loysen. This hurried retreat must at once have changed to a headlong flight but for the unaccountable inaction of Sir John Murray, who kept his impatient squadrons immovable in their ranks whilst the disordered stream of soldiery swept past. General Stewart, now Marquis of Londonderry, impatient of this strange inactivity, charged without, or rather in defiance of orders, at the head of the 14th Dragoons alone, right through the retreating columns; but remaining unsupported by Murray, got roughly handled, and lost a considerable number of men. Soult, eagerly followed by the British army as soon as it could be got in order for that purpose, crossed the Souza River, and there, to his mortification and dismay, met Loysen's force, which had hastily retired from before Beresford. The French marshal's position now appeared desperate, and Loysen suggested the idea of a convention like that of Cintra. Soult, hopeless in all probability of cheating out of the fruits of his calculated daring the general who had struck him the blow he was writhing under, rejected the proposal; and having found a Spanish pedlar, who informed him there was a road which led over the Sierra Catarina to Guimaraens, the marshal abandoned Loysen's and his own remaining cannon, baggage, military chest, and boldly followed his Spanish guide across the mountains. Everything was thrown away that could in the slightest degree impede this terrible retreat—terrible not only to the French, whose stragglers were mercilessly slain by the peasantry, roused into ferocious activity by the unlooked-for sight of the discomfiture and rout of the so-lately recklessly triumphant troops—

The desolator desolate, the victor overthrown—

but to the wretched country people in the line of march, whom the French, in retaliation for the cruelties inflicted in their sight upon the maimed and footsore of their own people, shot without scruple or remorse, at the same time firing their dwellings, thus marking every step of their flight with blood and flame and ruin. It was doubtful, too, if after all they would escape, for at every pause for scanty rest the tramp and gallop of the British army sounded more and more distinctly in their rear, and tidings reached Soult that the only bridge by which escape was possible—that of

Ponte Nova, on the Cavado—was partly cut, and in possession of a Portuguese guard. Sending for Major Dulong, an officer of distinguished bravery, the marshal, after briefly explaining the situation, said: "Take a hundred grenadiers and twenty-five horsemen, and endeavor to surprise and repair the bridge. If you are successful, let me know immediately; if you fail, you need send no message—your silence will be enough." Dulong, favored by the storm and darkness of the night, succeeded in his perilous and well-nigh desperate enterprise. Only a narrow ledge of the bridge remained passable, and over this he and his grenadiers crawled in single file upon their hands and feet. One soldier lost his hold and fell into the Cavado, his cry of agony, fortunately for his comrades, being drowned in the roar and splash of the howling storm and rushing waters. The Portuguese sentinel was surprised and slain, and the heedless guard were overpowered and dispersed. The bridge was hastily repaired, and the French army was enabled to pass slowly over, a portion of the British artillery only arriving in time to strew the passage and defile the river with numerous dead and wounded men of the rearguard. Soult ultimately reached Orense in Galicia, and there the British cavalry desisted from further pursuit. The French marshal had left that town eleven weeks previously with 25,000 veteran troops, fifty-eight pieces of artillery, numerous stores, and valuable baggage. He returned to it with 19,000 men, destitute of everything but the arms in their hands and the ragged clothing on their backs. With such passages in this terrific war as this frightful retreat or rather flight presents, and with the dreadful misery and ruin inflicted and suffered fresh in the memory—the war, it is impossible to deny, originating in the insatiable ambition of the French Emperor—the recollection of the sentimental cry set up against the cruelty of Napoleon's imprisonment at St. Helena, strikes the mind with a feeling of astonishment at the infinitely varied and discordant scale by which human actions are sometimes judged in this strange world of ours.

Marshal Victor, on hearing of the disaster which had befallen Soult, united himself with Jourdan and King Joseph, and conjointly with them, on the 28th and 29th of July, fought the battle of Talavera de la Reyna against General Wellesley's army and the Spanish force under Cuesta. This battle would never have been hazarded by the British general had he not been misled into an almost inextricable position by the imbecility and braggadocio of Cuesta. The Spanish soldiers, individually as brave perhaps as others, were so wretchedly organized, so inefficiently commanded, that they, on the day of trial, proved almost useless. The position of the British army, when it was ascertained that Cuesta's army could not be relied upon, was manifestly one of extreme peril. Joseph, Victor, and Jourdan, were in front with an army immensely superior to that commanded by General Wellesley; and Soult, who with veteran readiness had already reorganized and reequipped his so lately-beaten force, which had moreover been powerfully reinforced, was in full march upon Sir Arthur's communications with Portugal, with the intention of falling upon the British rear. Soult sent messenger after messenger to King Joseph, begging him not to fight till he (Soult) could get up. Fortunately Victor's presumption and Joseph's pliancy prevented this wary counsel from being adopted. Talavera was fought; the French, after

a tremendous contest, were driven beyond the Alberche with the loss of ten guns, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, whom victory alone could enable to retreat, withdrew his army, by this time reduced to 17,000 men, by the line of the Tagus into Portugal. The Spanish troops, now become a mere armed mob, followed, hotly pursued by Marshal Victor, who captured the British hospitals, unavoidably left for a brief space under Cuesta's charge. General Craufurd's brigade was sixty-two miles distant from Talavera when he first heard of the imminence of the unequal fight. He instantly put his troops in motion, marched without rest towards the scene of action, his own and his soldiers' impatience but stimulated by meeting scores of runaways from the first day's flight—not all of them Spaniards, nor private soldiers—who asserted that the British were beaten and in full retreat. Craufurd crossed the field of battle on the evening of the victory, having brought his men in heavy marching order sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours, and this, too, in the July of a Spanish summer. That ground had been traversed a short time before his arrival by a far deadlier enemy than the French. The tall dry grass had by some accident caught fire, and hundreds of wounded soldiers thickly scattered over the field of death perished miserably in the flames. For this battle, and the passages of the Douro, the British general was on the 26th of the following August created a peer of England by the title of Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington. He also received the thanks of Parliament for Talavera, a battle in which he had unquestionably displayed consummate mastery in the art of handling troops in the face of an enemy, and abundant resources in moments of perilous emergency. On the 10th of February, 1810, the Commons voted Lord Wellington a pension of £2000 a year, with succession for two generations.

Determined never again to trust to the coöperation of Spanish generals or armies, Lord Wellington now anxiously directed his attention to the best mode of effectually defending Portugal by the British army, aided by the Portuguese regiments which were being disciplined, organized, and officered under the direction of General Beresford, created for that purpose a marshal in the Portuguese service. His meditations resulted in the conception of the celebrated lines of Torres-Vedras, which were at once commenced, but without the slightest ostentation or hint of the purpose to which they were destined.

In the spring of 1810, Marshal Massena, "the spoiled child of victory," as he was designated by Napoleon, was appointed to the as yet baffled task of driving, with Ney's assistance, the English Leopards into the sea; but the renowned commander quickly found that Dame Fortune has frowns as well as favors for the most indulged of her children. Massena crowed loudly, assuring the French Emperor that he was certain of success, and the aspect of affairs appeared to justify his vaunting arrogance. The French army destined to operate against Wellington had been increased to 90,000 men, chiefly veteran soldiers, to whom the English general could not oppose more than 40,000 British troops, the remainder of his army being composed of the as yet untried Portuguese regiments. The thousands of gallant men sent to perish in the pestilential marshes of the low countries might indeed have more than restored the balance; but they died uselessly, victims of the presumptuous ignorance of such men as Perceval

and Canning, who, unwarned by failure, *would* persist in directing the military operations of Great Britain. Massena opened the campaign with great spirit, and advanced with elate step towards Lord Wellington, who, having concentrated his force, slowly retired, to give time to the Portuguese people to retire, as he commanded, with all the provisions and property they could take with them to Lisbon, after destroying and laying waste that which could *not* be carried off.

These orders were in general cheerfully obeyed. His plan of defence, as yet not guessed at by the French marshal, worked efficiently; and in order to give a hopeful tone to the mind of a nation whom imperious necessity compelled to submit to such terrible sacrifices, as well as to check the exulting tide of French impetuosity, he halted and offered battle at Busaco. He was unhesitatingly attacked, Ney leading one of the divisions—all of which were defeated, and hurled back with heavy loss and discomfiture. Not the slightest impression could be made by "the spoiled child of victory;" and after waiting in position a sufficient time to enable Massena to renew the attack, if he had so willed, Wellington, in pursuance of his settled purpose, leisurely withdrew to the lines of Torres-Vedras, which he reached and occupied on the 10th of October. The French marshal, with confidence restored by this retrograde movement, eagerly followed through a wasted country an enemy whom he fondly imagined was retreating to the shelter of his ships. On the 12th, Massena arrived in front of the lines and looked at them. He did no more, remaining in a state of stupor and inaction till the 16th of November, when no food of any kind, not even pulse or horse-flesh, being any longer attainable, his suffering, demoralized army retreated, pursued by Wellington, who had been reinforced seaward, and the enemy were ultimately driven out of Portugal.

In 1811, Lord Wellington received the thanks of the British crown and parliament for the liberation of Portugal. We have no space to recount the incidents of the battles of Fuentes d'Onor on the 3d and 5th of May, wherein victory, as was her wont, rested with the British general; nor those of the terrific fight at Albuera, in which the desperate bravery and hardihood of the rifle-brigade, under the direction of Captain, now Lord Hardinge, retrieved a battle perilled by the hesitation or incapacity of Marshal Beresford; and the dashing enterprise of General Hill at Arroyo de Molinos—where that gallant officer surprised Girard, dispersed his force, captured all his cannon, and 1700 cavalry of the Imperial Guard—must be passed over. "The spoiled child of victory" had been recalled, and his place filled by Marshal Marmont, who was ordered to finish with the British general at any sacrifice; and that he might do so, the army placed under his orders was powerfully reinforced by numerous battalions of the Imperial Guard.

Marmont very speedily concentrated between 60,000 and 70,000 admirable soldiers, who, confident of victory, marched exultingly to battle. The first rencontre of Marmont's troops with the British was in a slight affair, as far as numbers were concerned, at El-Bodon, and remarkable only for the proof it afforded of the impossibility of overthrowing a valiant, well-disciplined infantry, by charges of cavalry, however brave, numerous, and determined may be the horsemen.

When this combat occurred, the British general, now Earl of Wellington, was making a retrograde movement for the purpose of uniting his somewhat

widely-sundered army. He himself took post at Guinaldo; Craufurd, who with the light division was about sixteen miles distant, was ordered to join him there immediately; the left of the army under Graham was ten miles off; and the 5th division was at Parfo, in the mountains, twelve miles distant. In this situation of the army, Craufurd's disobedience or neglect of orders, but for the iron nerve of the British general, would have lost the light division. Instead of marching without pause upon Guinaldo, he halted for the day, after accomplishing about four miles only. This gave time for the concentration of Marmont's imposing force, consisting, as we have before stated, of nearly 70,000 excellent soldiers, in front of the position occupied by the Earl of Wellington at Guinaldo, with not more than 14,000 men! To leave the post without waiting for the light division was to abandon the latter to certain destruction or capture; and during that evening and night, and the next day till three o'clock in the afternoon, when the light division was out of danger, the British general held the position at Guinaldo so confidently that Marmont firmly believed himself to be in front of Wellington's entire army; and, whilst meditating the best mode of attack, displayed his splendid troops by a grand parade in the plains below. The apparent coolness of Wellington, upon whose impassive countenance, as he looked upon the brilliant show beneath, only a grim smile was seen occasionally to pass, excited the wonder of his staff, all of whom were of course aware of the extreme peril of the situation. At last, an officer galloped up to announce the safe arrival of the light division, when a long-drawn, heavy breath, and a broken exclamation of joy, which escaped the British general, showed how keen had been the anxiety concealed beneath the marble exterior. The troops were instantly withdrawn, and an able concentric movement united the army on the following day.

The astonishment of Marmont on becoming aware of what had occurred was extreme, and his pre-occupation for several hours afterwards was remarked by all who approached him. During a conversation with the officers of his staff, one of them happened to speak of Napoleon's brilliant star. "And this Wellington," said Marmont, looking suddenly up and speaking with vivacity, "his star is brilliant too." The remark was a prophetic one, as the French marshal, before many days had passed, learned to his cost.

We now come to the astonishing winter-campaign of 1812, but even that we may but briefly dwell upon. And here a statement must be made that will greatly surprise those readers who remember what enormous subsidies were squandered during the war by successive English ministries upon inefficient foreign armies. Lord Wellington, whose victories were the sole aliment of hope to the struggling peoples of the continent, was, spite of the most urgent, almost pathetic entreaties, kept nearly penniless for weeks and months together. At the close of the year 1811, he was involved in enormous debt, contracted for the supply of his troops; and after all he could raise by way of credit, the pay of the army was more than three months in arrear, and that of the muleteers eight months! Half and quarter rations were frequently served out, and more than once the soldiers were without bread for three days together. An official personage wrote as follows to the harassed general: "I have clamored for money—money—money for you in every office, and everywhere with no effect. Our great men

(Messrs. Perceval and Canning) seem just now more occupied with the O. P. playhouse riots than with your necessities." The clothing, too, of the British troops had become so patched and variegated, that a regiment could scarcely be distinguished by its uniform; and yet these scantily-fed and barely-clad troops had withal become terribly efficient in the field—rough, stubborn soldiers, who would hesitate at no odds however great, shrink from no danger however imminent and terrible; would, in fact, in their general's words, "go anywhere and do anything." Lord Wellington was extremely anxious to strike a great blow, if it could be done with any chance of success, not only to gratify the British people—who little imagined how miserably, since the Marquis of Wellesley had ceased to influence the British councils, their gallant army and favorite general were starved and stunted—but to fan the rising flame of resistance, once more beginning to show itself in the east and north of Europe. In order to do this, it was necessary to make even his needs subservient to his audacious purpose. There were two French armies at no great distance; one under Marmont; the other commanded by Soult in Andalusia. These armies remained separate, from the clear impossibility of both finding subsistence in one locality. The French marshals were informed by their numerous spies of the destitution in many important respects of their great antagonist, and he determined they should continue to believe him to be in every way helplessly crippled. His object was to storm the two strong and important Spanish fortresses, both garrisoned by choice French troops, of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, and so conceal and time his enterprise that neither Soult nor Marmont should be able to afford either of the garrisons any effectual relief or assistance. To effect this the closest secrecy as to his purpose was of course absolutely necessary. Hitherto his intentions, if intrusted to subordinate officers, or communicated to ministers, always by some means or other found their way into the English newspapers, translations of which were made in Paris and transmitted to the French commanders. He determined this time to put the ubiquitous journals on a wrong scent, and succeeded admirably. General Quartermaster Murray, requesting leave of absence, was granted it immediately, "as nothing could be done till the spring." This was repeated by General Murray on his arrival in England, and extracts from the London newspapers in due time certified the fact to the anxious French marshals. Even the chief engineers of the army only guessed that a siege or the semblance of a siege was contemplated. He hit upon a still more effectual mode of deceiving the French generals. A splendid iron battering-train had arrived at Lisbon from England. Wellington had it reshipped with some ostentation for Cadiz, causing it to be met at sea by vessels of light draught, into which the cannon were shifted, and conveyed first to Oporto and then in boats to Lamego, whilst the ships went on to Cadiz. At length, his preparations thoroughly complete, and his project unguessed even by his own soldiers, he suddenly put the army in motion, reached, battered, and stormed Ciudad Rodrigo. Its fall on the 16th of January, 1812, came like a thunderbolt upon the French marshals, who did not at first credit the intelligence. There was, however, no help for it; and as their spies informed them that Wellington was returning to his old quarters, after a little idle bustle, they gradually settled into quietude again. The thunder of the English cannon, directed against

the crumbling walls of Badajos, awoke them a second time from their dream of security; but before any effectual combination could be concerted, that fortress too had fallen. It was stormed on the night of the 6th of April, at a sacrifice of life so frightful as to overcome for a moment the iron sternness of the British general, who, at the sight of the thousands of his gallant veterans that had fallen before an entrance could be won, burst into tears. Philippon, the commandant of Badajos, preserved Soult from a worse disaster than had yet befallen him, by conveying to him timely intelligence of the fall of that fortress. The Duke of Dalmatia was marching to Philippon's assistance when the messenger reached him, and he had just time to retrace his steps, and escape the signal overthrow that General Hill, who had been lying in wait for his advance, would unquestionably have inflicted upon him, seconded as he would now have been by the whole of the disengaged army.

In the beginning of July the opposing armies once more gradually approached each other near Salamanca. A contest of manœuvres took place on the Tormes, in which neither side for some time gained any advantage. At length Lord Wellington, becoming utterly destitute of the means of keeping the field, reluctantly determined on retiring by the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, and dispositions to that view were made. His inability to prosecute the campaign arose entirely from the supineness of the English ministry, who had failed to afford him the necessary supplies. "I have never," he wrote at the time, "been in such distress as at present, and some serious misfortune must happen if the government does not attend to the subject, and supply us regularly with money." Marmont divined the intention of the British commander, and on the 22d of July hazarded a move which, had a less skilful player been opposed to him, might have been successful, but attempted against Wellington it turned out to be a disastrous blunder, ruinous alike to the French army and the marshal's own reputation. He despatched Thomière's *corps d'armée* with fifty guns by a circuitous route to turn the left of the British army, and thus prevent its retreat by Ciudad Rodrigo. Owing to the nature of the ground, this movement was not observed by the English officers till about two hours after it had commenced. It was of course immediately communicated to Lord Wellington, who saw at a glance its full significance. He sprang to his feet so eagerly that he overturned the table at which he had been sitting, and exclaimed with irrepressible exultation: "If that be so, Marmont's good fortune has for once deserted him." It was quite true. Thomière's *corps d'armée*, extending two or three miles in length, was hopelessly sundered from the main body of Marmont's troops. The blunder was an enormous one, and the British general quickly rendered it irreparable. Staff-officers went off at a gallop in every direction; the infantry stood to their arms; the cavalry vaulted to their saddles; the artillery unlimbered; and Marmont's weakened army was instantly attacked in overwhelming force. The French marshal saw his error, and officer after officer was despatched to command the return of Thomière. They never reached him. As the head of Thomière's leading column emerged upon the Ciudad Rodrigo road, where they expected to find the British in full retreat, Pakenham fell like a thunderbolt upon his rear, and rolled up the long, straggling line with hideous slaughter, to which no effectual resistance could be opposed.

Marmont's heart died within him at the sight. Brave as steel, however, as most French soldiers are, he struggled desperately to maintain the combat, but the explosion of a shell grievously wounding him, he was carried out of the battle. Clausel succeeded to the command, but the fortune of the day could not be changed. The French army was utterly defeated, and driven off the field, with the loss of its artillery, several thousand prisoners, and a vast number of slain and wounded men. General Foy, who exerted himself zealously to protect the retreat, writing of Salamanca, said: "It was a battle in which forty thousand men were beaten in forty minutes." The news of Marmont's signal defeat reached the French Emperor just as he had crossed the Boro-dino, and must have fallen as a dread and evil omen upon that superstitious votary and child of destiny. Salamanca was by far the completest victory yet gained by the British general over the French armies, and was always that upon which he chiefly prided himself. "I saw him," remarks the historian, General Napier—"I saw him late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry showed how well the field was won: he was alone. The flush of victory was upon his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm and even gentle. With a prescient pride he seemed to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things to come." The valor and enthusiasm displayed by all ranks of the victorious army on this occasion historians speak of as remarkable; and one of the weaker and better sex exhibited a heroic disregard of danger that would not have shamed the bravest soldier there. "The wife of Colonel Dalbiac," says the author we have just quoted, "a delicate and timid English lady, rode deep into the fire, actuated by a fear stronger than that of death." A daughter of this lady is, we believe, the present Duchess of Roxburghe.

On the 12th of August following, Wellington made his triumphant entry into Madrid amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, and was immediately afterwards appointed generalissimo of the Spanish armies. On the 18th of the same month he was created Marquis of Wellington by the Prince-Regent of England.

The next great incidents of the war were the unsuccessful attack upon the fortress of Burgos, numerously garrisoned by French troops commanded by Marshal Clausel, the consequent retreat upon Portugal, and the evacuation of Madrid.

In the beginning of 1813, the Marquis of Wellington, upon whom the colonelcy of the royal regiment of Horseguards had been previously conferred, was created a Knight of the Garter. He visited Cadiz, and sailed thence to Lisbon, where he was received by the population with great enthusiasm. Hope of permanent deliverance had revived in the hearts of the people. The news of the disastrous issue of Napoleon's Russian campaign had been published, and everywhere a determination to press the French armies vigorously was manifested. The Marquis of Wellington's army advanced rapidly through Spain, King Joseph and his marshals retreating to concentrate their forces near Vittoria, where, on the 21st of June, 1813, they accepted battle, and the total irremediable route of the French army was the result. That army lost their cannon, stores, a vast number of killed, wounded, and prisoners, and the intrusive monarch his carriages, treasure, and baggage, glad doubt-

less to escape with life from his imaginary kingdom. Marshal Jourdan, in the hurry of his flight, left his truncheon behind him a trophy for the victors, which, on the 3d of July, the Gazette announced had been conferred by the Prince-Regent upon Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington. Honors and rewards were thickly showered about this time upon the triumphant British general. One hundred thousand pounds for the purchase of an estate had been voted him by the English Parliament, and he was now created by the Spanish authorities Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo, and a grandee of Spain of the first class. The estate of Soto de Roma, of which the unhappily celebrated Prince of Peace had been despoiled, was bestowed upon him by the Cadiz Cortes, "in testimony of the gratitude of the Spanish nation." He accepted the gift, but the proceeds of the estate were devoted during the war to the public service.

These honors, gifts, and compliments were, so far as the Cortes and ruling powers of Spain were concerned, mere veils to hide from the world their envy and dislike both of the English nation and their general. All fear of the French having passed away, the instinctive Spanish aversion to foreigners seized anew upon the soldiers and people, to whom, it galled their pride to be compelled to confess, they were mainly indebted for the recovery of their national independence. They did not want plausible excuses either for their enmity towards the British army. The horrors enacted at St. Sebastian by some of the furious soldiers—who, during five hours of dreadful battle at the breach, had seen nearly 3000 men struck down around them by the fierce destruction vomited forth from the at last captured town—were published with many exaggerations by the municipality of the ill-fated city, and created naturally a strong sensation throughout Spain. The town, it was well known, had been fired by the French garrison as they retired through it to the citadel; but the fact was purposely concealed, and every horror of the fearful time—flame, robbery, murder—were attributed, not alone to the infuriated ruffians who had perpetrated the outrages, but to the entire soldiery: a gross injustice, the mass of the troops, as well as the officers who risked their lives, and in two instances lost them, to calm the dreadful tumult, being as indignant at the excesses committed as the Spaniards themselves could be. Two thirds of the officers of the storming force were unfortunately killed or hurt, and it was for some hours impossible to maintain or restore discipline. Lord Wellington was not present on the day of the successful assault, although he had intended to be so, when, angered by the former failure of the 5th division, he issued his requisition, demanding fifteen volunteers from each of the regiments composing the 1st, 4th, and light divisions—"men who could show other troops how to mount a breach"—an appeal answered by 750 gallant men, who nearly all perished. Sir Thomas Graham (Lord Lynedoch) commanded, but the day after the assault Wellington arrived; some severe examples were made, and order was restored with a rigorous, unsparing hand. These calumnies on the army appear to have irritated the British general much more than the numerous libels directed personally against himself. Amongst other things he was accused of plotting to get himself made king of Spain by the nobles, and some of the grandees thought it worth while to publish a solemn contradiction of the rumor. The quarrel became at last

so envenomed, that when about to enter France he fully expected a civil war to break out upon his communications, and wrote home that if he were the government the army should not remain in the country another hour. Happily these disputes were checked before they could break out into open violence: the mass of the population, the soldiers, and regimental officers had no confidence but in his leadership; the turbulent spirits of the Cortes were overawed, and decorum, if not content, was reestablished.

The French Emperor sent Soult from Germany, with full powers as his lieutenant to take the command of all the French troops in Spain, in order if possible to arrest the conquering march of Wellington upon France. This task Soult gallantly, if vainly, attempted. But the hour of defeat had struck. Step by step all intervening obstacles, whether of man or nature, were pushed aside or overleaped, and in November, 1813, the standards that three years before had floated over the last dike at Torres-Vedras, which withstood the irruptive torrent of the imperial armies, now waved in retributive triumph over the vainly-imagined "sacred soil" from whence the armed invasion had come forth. We need not further dwell upon the incidents of a struggle, terminated by the bitter fight before Toulouse, that, during six years, had desolated the Peninsula. Enough has been written to show how terrible was the strife, and how great and constant were the skill and courage ultimately crowned with victory.

The peace of 1814 terminated the war, it was hoped permanently, and the British troops returned home. Their renowned commander was created, on the 3d of May of that year, Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington; and in June £400,000, making, with the previous grant of £100,000, half a million of money, was awarded him by the House of Commons. On the 28th of the same month the duke took his seat in the House of Peers, and subscribed to the parliamentary-roll, the patents of all his titles having been first read by the officer of the House.

The Duke of Wellington was at the Congress of Kings in Vienna when the news of Bonaparte's return from Elba startled the world from its transient dream of peace, and speedily afterwards we find him in Belgium, to use his own expression, at the head—with the exception of his old soldiers who had fought in Spain—"of the most infamous army in the world." The British troops with the duke, it must be remembered, did not exceed 35,000 men, the rest of the army, with some brilliant exceptions, being composed of troops better fitted for a parade than a stubborn battle. Had the 70,000 men led by Wellington been all men who had gone through the fiery ordeal of the Peninsular campaign, it is no disparagement to the unquestionable bravery of the French army—many of whom were mere conscripts—to say that the struggle would have been nothing like so long and obstinate as it proved.

The events of the 16th and 18th of June, 1815, are too familiar to every reader in the British Empire to need recapitulation here. There is, however, one circumstance in connection with them, with respect to which delusion still extensively prevails, chiefly perhaps because some of Lord Byron's best verses chronicle the fiction: we mean those relative to the way in which the Duke of Wellington and his officers are represented as being suddenly startled by the sound of cannon whilst

dancing—unconscious of the approach of danger—at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the night of the 15th, at Brussels. They commence thus—

There was a sound of revelry by night;

and presently we are told that, amidst the voluptuous swell of music the sudden booming of the French artillery arrested the flying feet of the dancers, pale the cheeks of the fair dames, and pressed innumerable sighs from out young hearts. Nothing can be prettier, only there is not a particle of truth in the story. It would have been odd if there were, the French attack on the Prussians at Charleroi commencing in the morning and closing before dark: the echoes of the "opening roar" of the guns must have taken an immense time on the road only to reach Brussels at midnight. But the truth is, that long before a ball-candle was lighted, or a ball-dress fitted on, every officer and man in the army knew of the attack of the French on the Sambre, and had received orders from the quarter-master to be in readiness to march at day-break. The last order issued by the Duke of Wellington on the evening of the ball was dated "à Bruxelles, ce 15 Juin, 9½ p. m.," and directs the Duc de Berri to send what force he had to Alost by daybreak. Brunswick's "fated chieftain" had, before going to the "surprise"-ball, directed his corps, by order of the British field-marshal, to assemble and bivouac on the high-road between Brussels and Bivorde, in readiness for the march at dawn. Provided the invited officers had made the necessary preparations for departure, there could be no possible objection to their attending the ball for a few hours—the reverse rather; for men do not now, any more than in the days of paladins and tournaments, fight the less bravely for the actual or recent presence of graceful and beautiful women. The whole story is an invention, not one whit truer than the words ascribed to the Duke of Wellington during the great fight, "Would that the night or Blucher were come!" And, in truth, spite of all the fables and assumptions of both French and Prussian writers—excusable perhaps under the circumstances—Blucher's army took no effective part in the fight, invaluable as they proved themselves in the pursuit. If this were not so, the Prussian authorities would scarcely have studiously omitted to publish an official list of their killed and wounded in the battle.

The capitulation of Paris, agreed to between Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl, acting on behalf of the provisional government, at the head of which was Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, and Wellington and Blucher, was signed on the 3d of July, 1815, and the French army occupying Paris, retired beyond the Loire.

Two days after the convention was signed, Marshal Ney, who, on being intrusted by Louis XVIII. with the command of a body of troops to arrest the march of Napoleon upon Paris, had solemnly promised the Bourbon monarch to bring his old master to Paris in an iron cage, and afterwards went over with his troops to the returned emperor, obtained a passport of Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, in a feigned name, with the purpose of escaping from France. He might have succeeded; but foolishly dallying with opportunity, he was recognized, and arrested by one Locard at an obscure cabaret in the wildest part of old Auvergne, and brought back to Paris. He was tried by order of the restored government before the Chamber of Peers for high treason, and sentenced to death. During the trial nothing was

heard with respect to Ney being protected by the 12th article of the capitulation of Paris, which set forth in substance that every person in the capital should continue in possession of their rights and liberties, and should not be pursued or disquieted for any political acts they might have committed, nor on account of any post they might have filled, nor for the political opinions they entertained; but as soon as sentence was pronounced, the condemned marshal appealed to Wellington for protection under the capitulation. The duke replied that the convention of Paris guaranteed the inhabitants of Paris only against being disquieted or injured by the military authority of those who signed it, and could not be considered as at all binding on the French government. He therefore refused to interfere.

The English field-marshal was appointed by the unanimous consent and approbation of the powers, to command the allied army of observation, a delicate and onerous duty, which he discharged in the most satisfactory and efficient manner; and on the final evacuation of France on the 1st of November, 1818, he returned to England, and soon afterwards entered Lord Liverpool's cabinet as master-general of the ordnance. An extra grant of £200,000 was voted him in 1815, making in all £700,000 in money, besides the pension of £2000 a year, and many lucrative appointments bestowed upon him by the government—an amount of pecuniary reward as unexampled as the military services it recompensed.

The remainder of his Grace's career belongs to the civil history of the country, and we the less regret the want of space necessary for the briefest review of it, as it has been already written in that of Sir Robert Peel, by whose judgment his Grace, as minister, was constantly guided. Since that great man's death, the duke has seldom spoken in Parliament. One of the last speeches he delivered in the House of Peers was spoken in a voice broken with emotion. Yet he seemed to stand more erect than he had lately done, and his eyes kindled somewhat with their old fire as looking round with a sort of defiance upon the assembly—many of whom he knew were in the bitterness of their political opposition almost personal enemies of his deceased friend—he pronounced the emphatic eulogium upon Sir Robert Peel, that he, above all men he ever knew, was governed in every action of his life by a love of TRUTH and JUSTICE.

The qualities, mental and moral, of the illustrious field-marshal, are written in such firm and vivid characters in his life, that none but the wilfully blind can fail to perceive their significance and appreciate their value. That he was a magnificent leader of armies, a general marvellously skilled in the art of handling troops in the field, and strong to encounter and overcome adverse fortune by indomitable courage and unswerving constancy, is as undeniably true as that he is in no sense a great statesman. There is no breadth, no largeness in his notions and maxims of civil polity; he appears to have no faith in the progress of humanity, no feeling of the strength and majesty of moral power. It may serve to illustrate the routine habit of his mind, when employed on other than strictly professional questions, that he lays it down repeatedly over and over again in his voluminous correspondence, that the alliance of Portugal is before all others important to the interests and welfare of this country. But, with all this, the record of his life is a great epitaph. We have run it over briefly—faithfully; we do not dip our pencil in fancy hues, in order to write fantastic panegyrics on his name;

but we not the less hold it to be certain, that the name of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, will, whenever uttered in ages yet to come, recall the memory of a great soldier, and an earnest-minded though not eminent statesman.

The Duke of Wellington's titles and offices are perhaps the most exalted and numerous ever conferred upon a single individual. We subjoin the list: Duke and Viscount Wellington; Baron Douro; Knight of the Garter, and Grand Cross of the Bath; Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands; Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Grandee of Spain; Duke of Vittoria; Marquis of Torres-Vedras; Count Vimieira in Portugal; Knight of the foreign orders of the Guelph of Hanover, St. Andrew of Russia, the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Golden Fleece of Spain, the Elephant of Denmark, St. Ferdinand of Merit, and St. Januarius of the Two Sicilies, Maximilian-Joseph of Bavaria, Maria-Theresa of Austria, the Sword of Sweden, of William of the Netherlands; Field-Marshal in the armies of Austria, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, the Netherlands; Captain-General of Spain; Commander-in-chief; Colonel of Grenadier Guards; Colonel-in-chief of Rifle Brigade; Constable of the Tower and Dover Castle; Warden of the Cinque Ports; Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire and the Tower Hamlets; Chancellor of the University of Oxford; Master of Trinity House; Vice-President of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy; Governor of King's College; and D. C. L.

AN UNIVERSAL UNIT.—It is a source of great regret that some fixed and universally recognized unit does not exist. It is at present quite arbitrary, and in this country, 22.815 cubic inches of pure water, or 1 lb., (troy,) or 5.750 grains, is recognized as the unit of force. A pound avoirdupois contains 7,000 grains. Other units may be and are taken, but they are all expressed in terms of this one. A horse-power was not intelligible till Watt fixed it at 33,000 lb., or Brindley at 44,000 lb., raised one foot per minute. The former is now generally received as the value of a horse-power. Again, an atmosphere is used as a unit of pressure; but it is quite unintelligible till it is stated that an atmosphere means a pressure of 15 lb. per square inch, the ordinary weight of the atmosphere.—*Architect.*

BURIAL OF MOLIERE.—When Moliere, the comic poet, died, the Archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The king, being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached. This question coming by surprise, the archbishop replied about eight. "Well," answered the king, "I find there's no getting the better of scruples; therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep—that's four below your consecrated ground—and let him be buried there."

The pulpit of the Wesleyan Chapel, at Oxford, was occupied on Sunday afternoon by a gentleman named Fletcher, of the great age of 105. His discourse (in praying and preaching) lasted nearly three quarters of an hour. Although the chapel is a large one, the venerable preacher's voice was distinctly heard by all; indeed, his faculties, for so aged a person, are unusually good. A proof of his memory being retentive was his quoting Scripture texts frequently, and also accurately.

From Household Words.

THE HOME OF THE HUNDRED BLIND MEN.

IN the city of my birth, there stood an ancient building, known as Prior's College, founded in remote antiquity for the reception of one hundred blind men. The entrance was in the High Street. It was a door-way cut in a red-bricked wall, without a porch, and surmounted by a broken and almost obliterated carving in stone, of the arms of the founder. Two walnut trees, separated only from this entrance by a narrow pavement, also of red bricks, made a shade there in the summer time. When a boy, I strayed there, often, leaning on the low gate, and looking into the quadrangle beyond. Its inmates were seldom met about the city; but I used to see them within, walking on the grass-plot. The singular foundation of Prior's College, or "Prior's Spital," as old people called it, was told to me in very early childhood, before I rightly understood the words, when I heard them only with a childish wonderment; so that long after, in life, a habit of repeating them without direct reference to their meaning had taken from the words all power, but that of awakening the vague sensation with which they were connected in my childhood. Yet now, as I repeat them, they have to me many meanings, which other ears know not of. manifold associations belong to them. I remember now, more distinctly than any other day in that early time of my life, an afternoon, when I stood at the gate, as I have often done since. A voice behind me startled me by inquiring what the building was intended for. I turned, and replied immediately, "It is for the reception of one hundred blind men." The inquirer was a stranger. His clothes were dusty, and he looked tired; and when he had peeped over the gate, and looked up at the sculptured shield, he passed on. I felt that afternoon, more strongly than I had felt before, the charm that was for me in that ancient place. I stayed there until dusk, and then walked away, repeating to myself, mechanically, the answer I had given to the stranger. Many occurrences which have wrought changes in my mind, more easily traceable at the time, must have passed from my recollection since then; and yet that day seems to me, as it were, the opening of my life, and all beyond it as the shady back-ground of a scene which has never faded from my memory. And, indeed, the influence of that day upon my subsequent life, if difficult to trace, is only so because the impression which it left was deeper. I know that to my interest in the old college, in my childhood, which brought me that way whenever I had an opportunity, and to the awe with which I heard some stories respecting it, I owe much of what I became, and am.

It was long before I ventured to pass in at the gate, for I knew no one there; although, probably, none would have interfered with me, if I had passed in. But I was timid; and the glimpses I caught from without of its inmates walking to and fro, or sitting in shady angles of the walls, and a certain feeling of awe I had in the thought that the place was inhabited almost entirely by aged and blind men, restrained me. I preferred to loiter under the trees; to peep in occasionally over the gate; to look up at the carving of arms, and at the loophole windows in the wall along the street.

One day, an old gentleman, whom I had sometimes remarked there, as not being blind like the

other inmates of the college seeing me as usual at the gate, bade me enter. His manner was so sharp that I half feared that he was going to reprimand me for lingering about there so often; but, to my surprise, he only asked me my reason for doing so. I do not remember what I said to him; but I recollect that he seemed to be inclined to be friendly to me, and led me over the building. It was a different place to what I thought it from the outside. I looked round the quadrangle; at the square windows with the little diamond panes; at the great sun-dial with a Latin inscription; at the curious leaden rain-spouts, ornamented with grinning faces of animals; at the sloping tiled roofs, grayer than the stone walls, under which the swallows built their nests in a close row. We passed through a little doorway in the further corner of the quadrangle into a passage, from which my conductor showed me a great hall, which had once been used as a schoolroom, though now it was the place where the inhabitants of the college came together for prayers. He showed me also a ruined archway at the back, covered with ivy, which led into the gardens of the college. Afterwards, we visited some of the blind men, and talked with them. They occupied the building on three sides of the quadrangle. My conductor lived on the other side. The entrance to his abode was by an oaken door in the corner. The name of Alison was under the knocker, on an oval brass plate, although much polishing had almost obliterated the letters. I observed that the windows on that side were much larger than the others, and were of stained glass, in the shape of a pointed arch. I remember saying to my guide, "Is that a chapel, too, sir?"

"No, youngster," he replied, "that is the library."

"Do blind people want a library, sir?" I asked him, innocently.

The old gentleman looked at me with some sternness, and then said, "It is not for the blind people, youngster. Old Prior, a mercer in King Henry the Sixth's time, founded here, not only a hospital for blind men, but a library for men who were willing to turn the blessed gift of sight to good account. The old mercer's gift, however, is half buried here, and most of the books are very old."

He knocked at the door, and we were admitted by a very old woman, whom I afterwards knew to be his housekeeper. He led me afterwards into the library. It was a long and narrow room, lined from end to end with books. Half way between the ceiling and the ground was a narrow gallery; at the farther end of the room, in a corner, stood a table with several massive inkstands; against the wall stood an upright desk and stool. The place was made rather dark by the stained glass windows; and there was a faint smell from the leathern binding, but the books were not dusty, and the oaken floor was polished smooth as glass.

"And are all these real books, sir?" I asked; for the ribbed leathern backs, and the red labels of the old folios looked so fresh and shining, that I was reminded of a draught-board at home, which shut up like two thick volumes, and was labelled with the title of some standard author.

"All real books, my friend," replied my guide.

I walked around the walls, looking up at the titles of the volumes, while the old gentleman sat at the desk and began to write. I remember that I felt much inclined to take down one of the vol-

omies and open it; but on turning round to glance at my conductor, before asking his permission, he seemed to be so much occupied, that I was afraid to disturb him; so I continued to amuse myself with reading the titles, walking slowly from place to place on tiptoe. I looked round once, as I ceased to hear the scratching of his pen upon the paper, and then I saw him with his arm supported on the desk, and his face resting on his hand, looking very thoughtful. He was tall and thin. His head was partially bald, and his hair was brushed up from all sides of it, to a point on the top of his head. He wore a white cravat, and the collars of his coat and waistcoat, standing upright, and cut with sharp angles over the chest, gave him the air of a Quaker, though he did not speak like one. I waited a long while, while he sat as motionless as a portrait—his face still resting on his hand. It was getting dusk, but I would not make the slightest movement to call his attention to me; indeed, there was something so pleasing to me in the tranquillity of the place, and the novelty of my situation, in the remotest part of the old college about which I had so often lingered, wondering what the interior was like, that I felt at every moment a fear lest he should come out of his reverie, and lead me back to the outlet into the street. He arose at last, and took me again into the house, where he talked to me about the college and about the library, and finally dismissed me, bidding me come to see him again one day.

Of the Warden's history, nothing was known. There were few who could remember his first coming there, and at that time they had not felt sufficient interest in him to inquire whence he came. He had no relation or acquaintance in the city—or indeed elsewhere, for anything that people knew. The college was his home, and he seldom left it, except now and then to pay a tradesman's bill in the city, or to buy a few books at an old Divinity bookseller's in the Cathedral-yard. It was not long before I presented myself again at the college, according to his words on leaving him. I found him this time even more friendly towards me than before. He questioned me, and, learning that my mother was a widow, asked how she lived, and what she intended to make of me, and kindly offered to employ me in the library, and partly in assisting him in keeping the accounts of the college. "I shall not want all your time," he said, "and you will have many opportunities of acquiring knowledge, if you are studious." His offer was joyfully accepted, both by my mother and me, and in a few days I found myself installed in the library.

My duties were light, and my leisure time was spent in reading. By degrees, I learned to write labels for books in print letters, and even in foreign characters; and sometimes I employed myself in supplying title-pages, or missing leaves; which I made from other copies, and inserted in the books. In the winter we began to make a catalogue of all the books in the library; which task my employer finally left entirely to me. It occupied me a long time; yet I was sorry when it was finished. I had become so accustomed to my daily task, alone among the old books, that I scarcely knew how to employ my time when I found myself less occupied. However, I soon turned again to reading, with a greater relish than before. The library contained many theological books. I acquired a taste for the writings of the old English divines, whose profuse imagery and poetic fervor awakened in me, as I

grew older, a calm enthusiasm which brought my nature still more into harmony with the tranquil life around me. Within those old walls I seemed to be shut in, and sheltered forever from the changing world without. I became familiar with old dates, and obsolete languages, with old prints, and other ancient things, until my acquaintance with them, predominating over my experience of actual life, the past became even less strange and shadowy than that life of change and motion beyond the little circle in which I lived.

In this way I grew up to manhood. I had no definite aim in the future. My mother's wants were provided for; and the little salary which I received was sufficient to keep me free from those worldly cares which would have aroused me from my inaction. Even the vague notion, which I had entertained at first, that the knowledge I was acquiring would, one day, become the ladder by which I should climb into a higher sphere, entered my mind no longer. I came to love learning only for itself, as the daily material of my thoughts—the many-colored yarn from which I wove my dreams. In turning out of the street into the enclosure of the college, I seemed to have found a shelter, which others had overlooked, in their struggle onward. I became more and more monkish. The tranquillity about me had so driven my mind inward to its centre, that no occurrence in my daily life could draw me out of myself. Even the death of a friend failed to leave in me any permanent impression. I had no sympathies with men, none of those affections which are half the life of a mind not warped from its natural development. But, one day, my life began to be changed.

I remember that it was in the autumn of the year; for I had been writing in the library until dusk, and straining my eyes to finish what I was doing, before the light wholly failed. When I had done, I returned my books to their shelves, and went out. There was a long passage on that side of the hall, flanked, like the hall itself, with Gothic windows looking out into the gardens of the college. As I locked the library door, and held my hand upon the key, I turned and saw a female form ascending the flight of steps, at the bottom. I stood looking that way as she came towards me. Her white dress seemed to make a light about her in the dusky passage, so that I could see her face. I did not wonder at first to meet her there, but saw her, as in dreams, sometimes, we come on unexpected things, without surprise. She passed me without speaking, and, turning an angle in the passage, was gone. I stood there for some time, hoping that she might return, and wondering whence she came, and who she was. I had never seen a young maiden in the college before; nor could I imagine how I should meet her in that part of the building, unless she were staying with the warden; and he, I knew, lived only with his housekeeper, and never had a visitor.

I pondered upon this circumstance on my way home, suspecting that it was a vision that I had seen. I had been reading, that day, the story of an ancient hero, who, finding an old decrepit woman, a leper, by the way-side, took her up upon his saddle, and bore her with him into a city. And that night, lying on his bed, he was awakened by a great light, and saw a girl in the room, who promised him a crown of glory for the act; but vanished as he stretched forth his hand. When I reflected, there seemed to me, in the description of the knight's vision, so much resemblance to the form that I had

seen, and the effect that it had wrought upon me, that one seemed to have grown out of the other. I thought of the solitary life that I was leading, and considered this circumstance with uneasiness, as indicative of an unhealthy state of my mind. Yet I felt a pleasure in recalling it; which increased as I indulged it. I sat again the next day in the library until late, and went out by the same passage, hoping to meet her. I lingered there some time, but she did not come. As I was locking the door, and turning to walk away, I heard a footstep on the stair below. I stood still, and waited anxiously; but when it came nearer, I knew that it was the old warden's. I spoke to him first; for it was dark, and he could scarcely see me. I was about to tell him of the young person whom I had met, but his manner was so short, that I was deterred. He spoke to me of some books in the library which were to be lent to a person in the city, and then asked me why I stayed so late. I said I had been busy; he bade me good night, somewhat abruptly, and went on.

I was at a loss to account for the sudden coolness of his manner. He was accounted a churlish man, but towards me he had generally preserved a friendly bearing, and I could not help perceiving that I had been a favorite of his. He was, indeed, somewhat eccentric, and I had frequently before known him to be subject to shifting humors; but I felt this time that there was something more than usual. For several weeks past he had not invited me into his house, as had been his custom, now and then; although I had not experienced any change in his manner. I sought, in vain, to remember any occasion on which I could have offended him; and I resolved to wait for an opportunity of asking him, in what I had displeased him.

I did not see him again, however, for several days. One afternoon, when I was sitting in the library, I heard two of the blind inmates of the college talking under the window, which was open; and from their conversation I gained some clue to the mystery of the young person whom I had met. I knew them by their voices. He who seemed better informed upon the subject than his companion, was one of the oldest men there. He was short, and somewhat bent, but thickset; and was said to possess great strength. He used to wear a kind of cloth frock, buttoned down the whole length of the front, and he used to walk with a stick with which I once saw him, with a single blow, beat a dog to death who had bitten him. I had always a fear of him. I had scarcely ever heard him speak, that he was not giving vent to general bitterness, or anger against some one, and there was an expression of malice in his large and hard features, which made me shrink from him. I had found him, sometimes, at evening, in the quadrangle walking alone; sometimes, when I had met him, coming through the passage leading to the ancient schoolroom, and groping along the wall—his face with its fixed and sightless eyes inclined forward, a feeling almost of terror had compelled me to turn back. I believe that on such occasions he had detected my foot-step, with the quick sense of the blind; and that knowing who I was, and divining that I felt a dislike for him, he had treasured up malice against me. "I thought I heard a woman's footstep in the dining-hall, last night," he said now, "but I suppose I was mistaken; for no one answered when I spoke, and I didn't hear it again. My hearing used to be sharp, but lately

I have had a singing in the ears. I am not deaf, but I get to fancy noises."

"Like enough," said the other, "it was old Alison's niece, Amy. Be sure she heard you; and so she would not answer! She is afraid of an old blind man. Somebody taught her, I'll be sworn, when she was a child, that old, deformed, halt, or blind people are spiteful, and to be hated. If you had been young, like the boy he took into the library, she would not have run away."

"The warden's niece!" said his companion, "I never heard of her; or else I have forgotten her. My memory is not what it was."

"No, no, man: you never heard of her. She has not been here many days. The house-keeper told me about her. Her uncle never saw her, until his sister, the widow, died—that's two years since; and he did not trouble himself about her, after that, until a little while ago; when he went to see her, and brought her home, to live with him in the college."

"Aye!" said the first speaker, "and the young man?"

"We shall know about him by-and-by," said the other. "The young despise the old, but they can't do without the old. Let them go their own way. They will not escape trouble in this life, any more than we."

I did not doubt that I had discovered the explanation of the mystery, and that it was the old man's niece whom I had seen; and yet, I could not account for the fact that he had never spoken to me about her; and it seemed to me even still more strange that I should not have met her more than once, in the many days that she had been there. I suspected that the warden took precautions to prevent my meeting her, although I could not tell why. His having ceased to invite me into the house, and his apparent anger at meeting me late in the passage, knowing, as perhaps he did, that she passed there sometimes, at that hour, confirmed my suspicion. Nor was the remark of the old blind man, that he had found a new favorite, sufficient, to my mind, to explain the sudden abruptness of his manner towards me. "There is no doubt," I thought, "that, for some reason, he fears our coming together."

This conviction kept her constantly in my mind. A fancy that some foreshadowing of a closer connexion, inevitably to exist between us, had visited her protector, awakened strange sensations in my mind. I revived again and again the recollection of her pale face and black hair, and the kind of awe which I had felt at meeting her alone, and with her bare head, walking in the twilight passage, where I had never before met a stranger.

I became more impatient to see her again, and thought upon various means by which I might be able to meet her, without fixing on any. At last, it came to pass that one evening, as I was leaving the college, I saw the warden standing at his door, who told me, for the first time, that he had brought a niece to reside with him, and, bidding me enter, offered to introduce me to her. I followed him into the parlor, where I found her at needlework. She dropped her work as I entered, and arose to meet me. I knew her again for the person whom I met in the passage, although she seemed less pale than then. I thought that the old man glanced from me to her, several times, as he told her who I was. When we sat down, I felt that he was watching me, and from the constraint which I ex-

perienced, I spoke little. She talked to me about the college and its inhabitants, going on with her work the while, and looking down upon it; though once or twice she looked up, and turned upon me the full beauty of her countenance. I departed at last, and bade her "good night."

So was I now made sure that it was no vision that I had seen; though still her marvellous beauty preserved in me something of the old wonder that I had felt. More than ever, did she now become to me the spirit of that place to which my instinct had so strangely brought me in my childhood. I thought, even at that time, that her presence would not have moved me so deeply, if I had met her elsewhere. I knew that I might have seen her in the street, and, looking at her with a momentary wonder, might have fallen again into my habitual meditation; for though I could easily imagine beautiful faces, I could remember no occasion on which any particular countenance had deeply impressed me before.

I saw her again, a few days after, in the college gardens. It was in the morning: I walked there sometimes in fine weather, before beginning my duties in the library. The mist of an autumn morning had passed with a few heat-drops, and the air under the trees was still and warm. I was about to turn back and go into the library, when I heard her voice. She came through the archway, and walked down a side path slowly, beside one of the blind people. I recognized her companion for the man whom I had heard under the window of the library, talking with his surly friend. I saw her gather some peaches for him from the wall, and could hear them conversing, though I could not distinguish what they said. When the old man left her, I walked round, and bade her "good morning."

"I came down here with the old blind man," said she. "Poor fellow! he tells me he would not regret his blindness, if he were not getting deaf."

"It is well," I replied, "that sometimes the afflicted know not the extent of their misfortune."

"Yet, they tell me the blind are sometimes very happy."

"I do not think," said I, "that a man can be happy, having once known the light, to be shut out from it forever. I cannot tell what beauty the mind has in itself, alone, nor how great a pleasure it may derive, in the cases of those born blind, from self-contemplation, or from such faint intimations of the world as are brought to it through the dark senses."

"They are very fanciful. Yonder poor old man thought that I had heard him call to me in the hall, and that I would not speak to him. I led him down here to take a walk in the garden, and make my peace with him. I own I was timid until I became more used to the blind men—they moved about so silently, and I came upon them so often, unawares, in parts of this beautiful place. But I forget, sir, that to you it may wear a different aspect; now to me, who came to it, young as I am, after years of trouble and sorrow, and find in it a quiet home, governed by my good uncle, it seems a place where one must needs be happy."

"I hope, indeed, you will be happy here."

"Ah, yes! I have already known a tranquillity in this place which I have never known before—not, indeed, since I was so young that I have almost forgotten it. And my uncle, whom some people have thought harsh. They do not know what a

gentle and affectionate nature lies under that sharp manner, which he has sometimes with strangers. And because he loved retirement, and, from dis-appointment in his youth, shut himself up here, and seldom came to see us, they said that he hated men. We did not say so; for my mother knew him better."

"Let me add, that I know him better," said I. I looked at her again for some moments in silence, thinking that I could read something of the sorrow that she spoke of, in the expression of her face. She glanced at me once more with a look of curiosity; and then bidding me "good morning," turned and went through the archway, leaving me alone.

About a week after that morning, the winter began suddenly. The weather had continued to be fine and calm—although we were at the end of October—until one evening, as I was returning from the college, I felt the air strike chill; and that night, I was awakened by a high wind turning the sails of a windmill, near the back of our house, with a noise like the roaring of the sea. In the morning, the trees about and within the college were stripped of their leaves; and the wind continued all day to drive the clouds across the sky; and the dusk came on earlier than usual. I had not seen Amy since, although I had walked again in the garden. I sat all day, thinking of the long winter before us, and of the many months that must pass before I could walk with her again in the garden. I paced to and fro in the library, and, from the window, looked out into the quadrangle, and watched the leaves as the wind whirled them in eddies, or swept them up in corners and doorways. When it became dark, I went out, and seeing no one, I passed by the warden's door, and listened at the window for Amy's voice. The fire-light shone through the holes in the shutters, and I could hear speaking. Sometimes I could plainly distinguish the housekeeper's voice; and sometimes, I thought, the voices of Amy and her uncle. I turned away and went home, feeling a loneliness that I had never known before.

Every night I saw the same light through the warden's window; and, picturing to myself the scene within, felt this loneliness more strongly than before.

And still I saw nothing of Amy. Sometimes her uncle visited me in the library; but he never again invited me into the house. His manners were still strange; so strange at times, that I thought I observed some signs of a falling away from that shrewd and practical mind which I had always known him to possess. His manner with me had become habitually querulous; sometimes he seemed forgetful and almost childish. One day, remarking that it was the twelfth of the month, he repeated the words, and stood musing awhile.

"This should be my birthday," said he. "Let me see! The twelfth! I am eighty-one, and I have been here fifty years; and, indeed, this winter I feel myself getting old—too old for work. And why should I harass myself with work? I will go away from here. Yet Amy likes the place; and perhaps I have been here too long to leave it now. The duties are getting irksome to me; but I must stay. Yes, Amy likes the place, and she is a good girl—she is the comfort of my life."

He did not address his words to me, though I sat beside him; but he stood looking towards one of the windows, as if speaking to himself. I

would not interrupt him. There was something that touched me in the sound of his voice, and in the thoughtful expression of his features; nay, even in his attitude, as he stood there, tall and thin, as an afternoon shadow, undecided whether to go or to stay. It was a curious thought, but it struck me that I had found the key to his childishness, in his sudden affection for his niece. I thought that he might have gone on yet for many years in that round of habit in which he had lived, carrying on his duties almost mechanically, if nothing had occurred to disturb him, even after the intelligence which originally directed them was partially extinguished. But this feeling of affection, so long benumbed, and awakened thus late in life, had brought forth his true nature, and shown that he was become a child. He turned away, afterwards, and, without saying a word, walked slowly down the length of the library, and went out, leaving me there.

The weather became colder. After three dark days, the wind dropped, and the snow began to fall, slowly covering everything until it lay deep in the quadrangle, and on the roofs and porches of the doors, and on the rain-spouts, and window-ledge, and on the gnomon of the sun-dial. No one stirred abroad then; sometimes no footstep but my own was imprinted in the snow all day. It ceased to fall at last, but the weather was still cold. On the afternoon of that day, I read in the library by lamp-light, and, going out afterwards, the moon was shining. That side where I stood was in shadow; but the moonlight shone upon the opposite wall, and made a broad line before the doors. As I looked across, I saw one of the doors of the blind inmates' habitations, open, and Amy come out. She heard me try the lock to see if the door was fast, and called to me. She held the door almost closed behind her, and said, as I approached:

"My old friend is very ill. The cold weather is more than he can bear. Come in and see him."

She opened the door, and I entered with her. The old man lay upon his trestle bedstead, near the fire; beside him, on the table, were some medicine-bottles. He raised his head, and seemed to listen at my approach; then sunk again upon his pillow.

"Here is some one you know come to see you," said Amy, leaning over him.

"Ay, ay," he replied. "It is Mr. Elwood. I am much obliged to him." I walked over, and shook hands with him. He was very old, and his trembling hand was tawny brown, and drawn up by paralysis at the knuckles.

"Has he no one to attend on him but you, Amy?" I said.

"Not now," she said. "I sent his nurse away to-day, for speaking to him harshly. The house-keeper and I will watch him to-night in turns."

She turned towards the door, and begging me to wait there a moment, while she ran home, went out and shut the door noiselessly. When she came back, her uncle was with her, and I appealed to him to allow me to watch the old man instead of Amy; but Amy pleaded her friendship for her charge, and begged to be allowed to stay.

"No, no, no," said her uncle. "You must come home, Amy. The young, and beautiful, and tender-hearted, are not fit for nurses. The old are sterner, but they know what to do, and do it, if they do not feel for the sick. But you are inexperienced—and you would sit and grieve all night.

Come, you are not strong yourself; and if you were to die, I know not what I should do." I saw a tear upon the old man's face. Amy saw it too; she said not a word in answer, but, bidding the sick man be patient, turned, and gave me "good night," and then took her uncle's arm, and went away with him.

The hours passed slowly, as I sat before the fire. I sat upon a low chair looking into the live coals. Sometimes I buried my face in my hands, and thought of Amy; but with a feeling of anxiety, for which I could scarcely account. I felt, almost instinctively, that the love of the old man for his niece, though of a different kind to mine, was yet destined to thwart me, and perhaps to part us in the end forever. I had a habit of trusting to such instincts, for I knew they were, in fact, the subtlest deductions of the mind, though working blindly, and with facts noted in secret, and in secret stored. I knew the power of the old man upon her, bound to him as she was by feelings of gratitude and affection, and I feared lest some prejudice, arising from that childish querulousness which he seemed to display towards all but her, might lead him to speak harshly of me, or to forbid her holding converse with me. Knowing how he had hitherto kept her from meeting me, I imagined many plans which he might devise, acting under a childish apprehension, in order to remove her from me.

It must have been near midnight, when I heard a knock at the door, and, going there, found Amy.

"I came over before going to bed, to ask how he is," she said.

"He has slept ever since you left."

"I have brought you a book, and the house-keeper will come and take your place early in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, Amy."

She glided like a ghost over the silencing snow, and was gone. I waited there a while, looking towards the house, until I saw a light at her window; soon afterwards the blinds were dark, and I returned and sat down again, to read before the fire. The house-keeper came at last, and, wrapping my cloak about me, I went home.

The old man continued ill for some days. I was at his habitation constantly, meeting Amy there. The nights were moonlight still; and many times I saw her sit to and fro between her uncle's door and his, and sometimes through the outlet into the street. I seldom saw any one else but her now. The snow was not thawed; the icicles hung to the water-taps and the rain-spouts, and along the gutters under the roof. The shadows were heavier by their contrast with the light upon the snow, and the projections and angles of walls were blacker and more sharp. And, all day long, the silence was so perfect, that it seemed to me that only Amy dwelt there, and I lived entranced; for, never, in the calmest and remotest region of my fancy, had I built a home more pure and beautiful—a habitation, to my mind, more fit for her. The old man had been lying ill a fortnight, when one afternoon I was as usual in the library, and Amy came through to me. I had been absent some hours, and had just returned, so that she had sought me there, perhaps, before. I looked up at her, before she spoke, and said:

"The old man is dead?"

"He is," said Amy. "The chaplain found him lying still, and said he had passed from darkness into light."

There were tears in her eyes. I watched her,

as she stood there, silent, for some moments, keeping in my ear the words that she had spoken. The solemn news that she had brought me, and her sorrowing attitude, had given to her an air so beautiful and saint-like that my love rose within me to its height. She came, at length, and held out her hand, to shake hands with me. She had not done so before. She did so, now, in that feeling which leads us, when we turn away from death, to draw more closely to the living, and to treat with kindness those whom we have yet to speak with. I took her hand, and did not let it go; but walked with her to the door leading into the passage, where I had seen her first. I held the handle of the door, but did not turn it. I knew that now the poor old man was dead, I should not see her every day, as heretofore; nay, I thought then that her uncle, alarmed at the accident which had lately brought us together so often, would guard her more cautiously than ever. It seemed to me that all the future hung upon that moment, and that if I hastily opened the door, she was gone from me forever.

"Do not leave me yet, Amy. Do you not know, that though I pass each day in this same place with you, we may not meet again for many, many days?"

"I know it. I will not deceive you."

"Amy," I said, after a pause—"because you leave me, now perhaps, as you yourself have said, not to meet again for some time—I cannot part with you before I tell you what is heavy on my heart. Dear Amy, it might seem to some a selfish thing to talk of love, which means life and confidence, and thoughts of happiness, at this time, when death has been with us; and yet an instinct tells me that no moment were more fit than this—an instinct, safer to be trusted, as I hope, than the shrewdest precepts. Forgive me! It is not many months since I first met you in the passage here, about this time of dusk. Something, I know not what, has happened to prevent our meeting often; but many things have come together, in those few times that we have met, to show me your true nature. Believe me, Amy, it is not only for your beauty, but for your goodness, and your wisdom, that I love you."

She looked at me calmly, and answered: "You give me credit for good sense, and though you flatter me, and call it wisdom, I will show you, at least, that I have learned to speak frankly is best. I will tell you, then, that I know no one whom I could love more sincerely than you; nay, I will not hide, that, although our acquaintance has been short, I feel an affection for you, stronger than I have felt for any one. I have had but little leisure for such feelings before this. I came here thinking to find all things strange and cold, and found a new and happier life before me. Old and young treated me so kindly, that my heart was fuller than I could say."

I took her hand, and kissed it fervently. "I did not think to hear you speak like this, Amy," I said; "but your uncle!"

"My uncle!" repeated Amy, looking down to the ground, as if I had struck again the key-note of our conversation, and had brought her back to the tone in which it began. "What do I not owe him! You must scarcely speak to me of this again. I have said to you more than I should have said; for I have promised him never to marry while he lives. Therefore I hold you to no promise; although it is well, perhaps, that we should wait.

For his sake, we must not tell him of this; for it would grieve him. Now let me say, farewell."

"Let me kiss you, before we part, Amy!" said I, as we were near the threshold of the outlet. She held her cheek out, and I kissed it twice; but in that moment I felt that the doorway became darker, although I had heard no footstep. I turned and saw that it was the old blind man, whom I had once heard talking under the library window. He stood in the middle of the threshold, holding the frame on each side the door, as Samson held the pillars—his head bowed towards us, as if he had been about to enter, and, hearing some one there, he stood to listen. Amy shrieked faintly.

"I did not mean to frighten you, Miss," said he; "I know I am not a well-favored man, but if you will let me pass you, I will be gone."

"It was your sudden coming that startled us," said I.

"I did not know," replied the old man, "that there was any one here." He felt with his hand along the wall, and went up the steps. We heard his footsteps in the passage, and then a door shut, and the place was silent again. We stood there yet some time before we parted. I waited until Amy was gone, and then went out into the quadrangle. It was a dark night.

Oh, I was indeed another man that night! All my old nature fell from me; and I stood then, for the first time, face to face with life. I would be a dreamer no longer. There was something to me so beautiful in humanity, as I saw it through her wise and noble nature, that all the old pleasures of my imagination seemed as a drunken revel, from which I awakened to the clear fresh morning of the heart. I saw now, for the first time, that it was well, as Amy said, to wait; for what had I to keep a wife! But I was full of hope; and I felt a strength within me, that would master circumstances. "It is enough," I thought, "that Amy loves me. I will wait, and she shall see how I will strive to make her happy, when the time arrives."

As I expected, I did not see her again until the day of the old man's funeral, and then only for a moment. I met the warden the next day, and spoke to him of the old man; he answered me sharply, and seemed irritated.

"The old are better dead," said he. "In this life, where all are battling together, what chance have they against the young? If they have anything of value, jealous and quick-eyed, the young will watch it for an opportunity to rob them, or wait about them, hungry for their deaths, to seize upon it. They grudge even a kind companion, who might make their last days happy—who might serve to waken an affection, that would make them feel that they yet lived, not wholly numbed by this slow age that creeps upon us all. But the old are over-cunning for them sometimes. They have a weapon, if they know how to use it."

I knew what he referred to, and suspected that the blind man had betrayed us; but I made no answer, for Amy's sake, although I was grieved to hear him talk like this, for he had often treated me kindly. Moreover, I could not help pitying him, for I felt that his strange fancies had moved him deeply. His words were bitter, but his voice broke sometimes, as if he felt acutely the injustice which he thought he suffered. He turned away as soon as he had finished, and departed, scarcely leaving me time to reply. His threat alarmed me; but I had faith in Amy. She came to me in the library

that afternoon, as I was about to leave. She seemed agitated.

"I fear my uncle has been speaking to you harshly," said she. "I came to shake hands with you before you go, and bid you not to let it grieve you."

"No, no, Amy," I answered; "I will bear anything while you remain unchanged."

"Promise me, then," she said, "whatever may happen, that you will not judge me harshly. For myself, I shall not change; but if you should grow weary of waiting, I will forgive you and will not complain."

"Never, never, Amy!" I held her hand in mine a moment, and then released it, and she glided down the library.

Her manner had alarmed me. I could not rest that night, but lay awake, foreboding many evils; yet I never touched the truth, although some trouble, in the distance, seemed to threaten me. I rose early next morning, and hastened to the college. There was no one in the quadrangle; and, looking towards the warden's house, I saw the shutters closed and the blind still down at Amy's window. I walked over, and listened, but heard no noise within; knocking at the door, I waited and listened again; but the silence of death seemed in the house. A terrible thought struck me as I stood there, striving to catch some sound, with an intense attention. The wildness of the old man's manner overnight seemed to me a symptom of that sudden madness, under the influence of which, sometimes, the gentlest natures have done deeds of violence to those whom they have loved the most.

I did not seek for one to aid me, but turned and went along the passage, and through the library, to get that way into the warden's house. The door was not locked. I went through. I stood a moment, and listened again. I could have heard the slightest breathing, if any one had been sleeping in the house. I heard nothing. I mounted the stairs, and knocked at Amy's door, and pushed it open. I saw she had not slept there the previous night; there was no article of clothing about the walls, nor any of her trinkets on the table. I went to the old man's room next, and afterwards to the housekeeper's, and found both empty. Down stairs I found no one. Everything belonging to the inmates seemed to be removed, and nothing left there but the furniture, which was the property of the college. A ray of sunlight, full of dusky specks, fell through the hole in the shutters of the back-room, and I sat some time upon a chair there, sick at heart, and utterly bewildered.

They were gone, and none knew whither. No one in the college had heard them go, nor could I find about the city any one who had helped them to remove what they had taken with them. I wandered in the streets that day, and about the marketplace that night, vaguely hoping to meet some trace of them; and so, from day to day. Afterwards, I haunted the college continually; lingering there, sometimes, till late at night. Certain trustees visited the place, and told me that the old man had sent in his accounts on the day on which he left, stating that he was compelled to leave the city that night. His letter had shown them that he wrote under some excitement, and he had not stated whither he was going. They requested me to take his duties on myself, until another warden could be appointed. Afterwards, some clergymen in the city, who had frequented the library, spoke to them favorably of

me, and, in the end, I was appointed warden in the old man's stead.

My mother came to live with me in the house which he had occupied. I did not doubt, at first, that I should one day hear of Amy again; and that her coming to bid me farewell, on the night on which she had left, and what she had said then, was intended to assure me of this; but a whole year passed, and spring came, and summer came, and I had no news of her. The hope of seeing her grew faint within me. I even reproached her, sometimes, in my mind. I fell again into my old way. The change had not been long enough to turn aside the bias of my past life altogether. The place was so little changed, and my daily life was so like what it had so long been, that, gradually, the time when Amy lived there seemed to me only like a tale that I had been reading. Sometimes, on awakening from some long train of meditation, I recollected that I had not thought of Amy for some days; and wondered at it, knowing how deeply I had loved her—knowing how deeply I loved her still.

I had begun a work upon the antiquities of the city—a wearisome task in the beginning, but when my researches were completed, and my work began to grow into shape, I labored upon it with ardor. It was upon this that I was engaged, one afternoon. My mother had been sitting with me in the library. She had gone out, and I had sat there alone, I know not how long, wholly absorbed in my task. That moment is stronger in my memory than any other of my life. I remember waiting for some time with a half consciousness of some movement near the door that led into the passage. I did not raise my eyes; but, after a time, the belief that there was some one there, grew stronger, and I looked up, and saw Amy standing before me.

The door was closed behind her, and she stood there, still, and dressed in deep mourning. I kept my eyes upon her, arose, and, walking over to her, put forth my hand to touch her, wondering.

"Oh, Amy, is it you, indeed?" I pressed her to me firmly, and kissed her, and, leaning my head upon her shoulder, wept for joy. She, too, wept. "This moment has blotted out from my memory all the time that you have been away, Amy. It seems to me only last night that you bade me farewell in this very place. It has been a hard trial."

"For both," said Amy. "I told my uncle I would stay by him while he lived; and I have kept my promise."

"He is dead?"

She did not answer me; but I glanced again at her mourning bonnet, and her dress of crape. "He had become more strange of late," said Amy. "The fancy that you would come and take me from him grew stronger before he died. I knew how strongly the fancy had taken possession of his mind, and that it grew out of his love for me. That was enough."

"And you came here alone, Amy?"

"Yes, and from a distant place; I knew that you were now the warden, and I came alone to ask you to forgive me, even though you should have changed towards me."

Well, well! what need have I to write how I replied to Amy, God bless her!

• • • • •

"Dear love," said I, "my mother waits for me at tea." I took her hand and led her down the

room, and through into the house. By-and-by, we all three sat together, with the window open, looking out into the garden—Amy in the old chair in which she had often sat at work. It had been a fine day, and the sun went down without a cloud. We lighted no candles, but still sat there talking, when the leaves were stirred by a cool wind, and many stars were out.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DAY-DREAMS OF AN EXILE.

V.

AIR—"O Cara Memoria."

I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion. *Eccles. III. 22.*

SIGH not thou for a happier lot,
Happier may never be;
That thou hast eateen the best,
And given by the gods to thee.
And if thy tender hopes be slain,
Fear not, they soon shall bloom again;
For the gloomiest hour
Is fair to the flower
That heels neither wind nor rain.
Fear of change from old to strange
Follows the fullest joy;
Labor wears us more than years;
Calms, never broken, cloy.
Whatever load to thee be given,
Doubt not thy brethren too have striven;
Take what is thine
In the earth's confine,
And hope to be blest in heaven.

VI.

TO —

Led by swift thought, I scale the height,
And strive to sound the deep,
To find from whence I took my flight,
Or where I slept my sleep:
But the mists conceal that border-land
Whose hills they rest upon;
Again, with forward face, I stand,
For Gone is gone.

Sometimes I brood upon the years
I gave to self and sin;
Or call to mind how doubts and fears
Fled from a light within:
I might regret those errors past,
Might wish the light still shone,
Or check Life's tide that ebbs so fast;
But Gone is gone.

You, too, my loyal-hearted wife,
Saw many a weary day,
When on your morning-sky of life
The clouds of sorrow lay.
True friends departed—grief for them,
Joy for the false made known,
And over all this requiem,
That Gone is gone.

The glare of many a spectral truth
Might haunt me still unchanged,
The broken purpose of my youth,
The loving hearts estranged.
But, turning to your love-lit eyes,
—The love-lit eyes shine on—
I thank my God with happy sighs
That Gone is gone.

VII.

Of in a night of April, when the ways
Are growing dark, and the hedge-hawthorns dank,
The glow-worm scatters self-adorning rays—
Earth-stars, that twinkle on the primrose bank.

Early in the winter of that year our old enemy, the blind man, fell ill and died. Amy was then my dear, dear wife. She knew that he had been the cause of sorrow to us; but she waited on him in his illness, and was, at the last, an angel by his bed. We sat that night beside the fire. We sat there until late, remembering our old troubles, and grateful to the Providence that had shaped them to a happy end.

And so, when life around us gathers night,
Too dark for doubt and ignorant of sin,
The happy heart of youth can shed a light
Earth-born, but bright, and feed it from within.

The April night wears on, the darkness wanes,
The light that glimmered in the east grows stronger;
But on the primrose banks that line the lanes,
Weary and chilled, the glow-worm shines no longer.

The night of life as quickly passes o'er,
Coldly and shuddering breaks the dawn of truth;
Bright day is coming, but we bear no more
The happy, self-adorning heart of youth.

VIII.

Dream on, ye souls who slumber here,
Leave work to those who work so well;
Yet workers too should haply hear
The messages that dreamers tell.

The aims of this world shed a light,
Which shines with dim and feeble ray,
Whose followers wander all the night,
And scarce suspect it is not day.

Yet work who will, the night flies fast,
Means vary, but the end is one;
Each, when the waking throbs is past,
Must face the all-beholding sun.

I will sleep on, the starry cope
Arching my head with boundless blue,
Till life's strange dream is o'er, in hope
To wake, nor find it all untrue.

IX.

COLONIZATION.

(I.)

Freemen of England, nourish in your mind
Love for your land; though poor she be and cold,
Impute it not to her that she is old,
For in her youth she was both warm and kind.
True, it fits not that you should be confined
Within a grudging island's narrow hold,
That bred, but cannot feed you. O be bold;
Blue heaven has many an excellent fair wind.
Steer, then, in multitudes to other land,
Work ye the field, the river and the mine,
Smooth the high hill, and fell the long-armed pine,
Till all God's earth be honorably manned;
But that your glories may forever stand,
Let love be with you, human and divine.

(II.)

Love, the foundation of the public weal,
As of the peace of houses—love, whose breach
Sundered two bands of common race and speech,
Whose rankling wounds on each side will not heal;
Therefore be warned in time, let none conceal
Brotherly yearnings, God-sent, each for each.
Pure human sympathies are high of reach,
For the realities which they reveal
Teach us to live in earnest; give us faith,
Godward, as well as human; none can say,
"I will love only that which I have seen."
By faith's lamp, fed with hope, the wise have been
Led to the land where, as the Tarsian saith,
Love rules when hope and faith are passed away.

India, 1851.

H. G. K.

From Household Words.

A BLACK EAGLE IN A BAD WAY.

AUSTRIA, in this present year of grace, 1851, looks to me very much like a translated version of England under the Stuarts.

I am a resident at Vienna, and know Austria pretty well. I have seen many birds before now in a sickly state—have seen some absolutely rotting away—but I never saw one with such unpromising symptoms upon him as the Black Eagle of Austria.

The court of Vienna is perhaps the most brilliant in Europe; the whole social system in Vienna is perhaps the most thoroughly unsound in Europe. Austria is weighed down by a numerous and impoverished nobility, by unjust taxes, and by a currency incredibly depreciated. Her commerce is hampered by all manner of monopolies, and is involved in such a complex network of restrictions, as only the industrious, gold-getting fingers of a few can unravel. Nearly the whole trade of Austria is in the hands of this busy, persevering few. Out of the immediate circle of the government, there is scarcely a satisfied man in the Austrian dominions. The nobles feel abridgment of their privileges and decrease of profit by the abolition of their feudal rights, succeeding the late revolution. The merchants feel that in Austria they suffer more vexatious interference than it is in the nature of man to bear quietly. The people, a naturally good-humored race, have learned insensibly to clench their fists whenever they think of their absolute and paternal government.

The position of the nobles is ridiculous. They swarm over the land; increase and multiply, and starve. Not more than a few dozen of them can live honestly without employment; while not one of the noble millions may exercise a trade for bread; may practise law or medicine, or sink down into authorship. The Austrian patrician cannot feed himself by marriage with a merchant's daughter; if he do, his household will not be acknowledged by his noble friends. The he-noble must marry the she-noble, and they must make a miserable, mean, hungry, noble pair.

A celebrated Viennese professor dined one day in England with a learned lord. "Pray, how is Baron Dash?" inquired a guest—said Baron Dash being at that time an Austrian minister.

"He is quite well," said the professor.

"And his wife?" pursued the other. "I remember meeting her at Rome; they were just married, and she was a most delightful person. She created a sensation, no doubt, when she was received at your court?"

"She was not received at all," said the professor.

"How was that?" asked many voices.

"Because she is not born."

"Not born" is the customary mode of ignoring (if I may use a slang word of this time) the existence of the vulgar, among the noble Viennese. At the present moment, the family of a minister, or of any of the generals who have saved the throne, may be excluded from society on this pretence. Two recent exceptions have been made in favor of the wives of two of the most important people in the empire. They were invited to the court-balls; but were there treated so scurvily by the "born" ladies, that these unborn women visited them only once.

What is to be done by these poor nobles—shut out from commerce, law, and physic? Diplomacy is voted low; unless they get the great embassies.

The church, as in all Catholic countries, is low; unless a nobleman should enter it with certain prospect of a cardinal's hat or a bishopric. The best bishoprics in the world (meaning, of course, the most luxurious) are Austrian. The revenues of the Primate of Hungary are said to be worth the comfortable trifle of sixty thousand pounds a year.

But there remains for these wretched nobles, one road to independence and distinction; and this is the army. To the army, it may be said, the whole body of the Austrian nobility belongs. The more fortunate, that is to say, the highest in rank, add to their commissions places about the court. Cherished titles are acquired in this way; and a lady may insist on being seriously addressed in polite Austrian society as—say for example, Frau-ober-consistorial-hof-Directorinn.

In the army, of course, under such a system, we see lieutenants with the hair gone from their heads, and generals with no hair come yet on their chins. A young man of family may get a captaincy in three months which his neighbor, without patronage, might not get if he lived forever. Commissions are not sold in Austria as they are in England, but the ministry of war knows how to respond to proper influence. In an army of five hundred thousand, vacancies, it is needless to say, constantly occur. The lad who is named cornet in Hungary, is presently lieutenant of a regiment in Italy, and by-and-by a captain in Croatia. After that he may awake some morning, major, with the place of aide-de-camp to the emperor; and to such a boy, with friends to back him, the army is decidedly a good profession. The inferior officers are miserably paid, an ensign having little more than thirty pounds a year. A captain, however, is well paid in allowances, if not in money; while a colonel has forage for twelve horses, and very good contingencies besides. Again, there are to be considered other very important differences between pay in the Austrian, and pay in the English, army. An Austrian can live upon his pay. His simple uniform is not costly; he is free from mess expenses, and may dine for sixpence at the tavern favored by his comrades. Not being allowed at any time to lay aside his uniform, he cannot run up a long tailor's bill; and, being admitted to the best society, he need not spend much money on amusement. Besides, does not the state accord to him the privilege of going to the theatre for twopence?

The poorer officers in the Austrian service are so unreasonable and ill-conditioned, that they are not in general pleased by these advantages being given to men, who may possibly be well born, but who have certainly not been long born; and in many places combinations have been made to resist the unfair system of promotion. A young captain sent down to command graybeards, with a lively sense of their own claims on the vacancy, is now and then required to fight, one after the other, the whole series of senior lieutenants. This causes a juvenile captain occasionally to shirk the visit to his regiment, and effect a prompt exchange.

Some part of the last-named difficulty is overcome by the existence of one or two corps of officers who have no regiment at all. Where there are no men to murmur, the business of promotion is carried on with perfect comfort.

In spite of all this, there is much to be said to the credit and honor of the innumerable throng of people forming the Austrian army. It is an excellently appointed and well-disciplined multitude. The gallantry of its soldiers, and the skill and ex-

perience of many of its highest officers, must be freely admitted. Then, too, the great number of nobles classed within it has at least had the good effect of creating a high standard of artificial honor. The fellow-feeling among Austrian soldiers is also great; those of the same rank accost each other with the "Du," the household word of German conversation; and the common word for an old companion in arms, is "Duty-bruder."

Duels are frequent, but not often fatal, or even dangerous. To take the nib from an adversary's nose, or to pare a small rind from his ear, is ample vengeance even for the blood-thirsty.

An Austrian officer who has received a blow, though only in an accidental scuffle, is called upon to quit his regiment, unless he has slain upon the spot the owner of the sacrilegious hand that struck him. This he is authorized by law to do, if struck while wearing uniform. The effect of this savage custom has been to produce in Austrian officers a peculiar meekness and forbearance; to keep them always watchful against quarrels with civilians; and to make them socially the quietest gentlemen in the world.

Last winter, a fast English gent left a masked ball at the Redoute, intoxicated. Disarming a sentry, he ensconced himself until morning in his box. The gent was then forwarded to the frontier, but the soldier was flogged for not having shot him.

Freedom from arrest for debt is an immunity enjoyed by Austrian officers; but those who indulge too freely in their exemption from responsibility may want defenders powerful enough to prevent their summary dismissal from the service.

I have written thus much about the Austrian army, because, in fact, as the world here now stands, every third man is or has been a soldier; and one cannot talk about society in this empire without beginning at once to talk about its military aspect.

Gay and trifling as the metropolis is with its abundance of out-door amusement, Vienna must be put down in plain words as the most inhospitable capital in Europe. The Austrians themselves admit that they could not endure to be received abroad as they are in the habit of receiving strangers here. The greater Austrian nobles never receive a stranger to their intimacy. A late French ambassador, who conducted his establishment with splendor, and was at all times profusely hospitable, used to say that he was not once asked privately to dinner during the whole period of his residence in Vienna. The diplomatic corps do not succeed in forcing the close barriers of Austrian exclusiveness; and twenty years of residence will not entitle a stranger to feel that he has made himself familiarly the friend of a single Austrian. Any one who has lived among the higher classes in Vienna will confirm my statement, and will recall with astonishment the somewhat indignant testimony of the oldest and most respected members of the *corps diplomatique* to the inhospitable way in which their friendly overtures have been received. Invitations to dinner are exceedingly rare; there are brilliant balls; but these do not satisfy an English longing for good-fellowship. Familiar visits and free social intercourse do not exist at all. Then there are the two great divisions of society—the nobles and the merchant Jews; on one side poverty and pride; on the other, wealth and intellect. The ugliest and most illiterate of pauper-countesses would consider her glove soiled by contact with the rosy fingers of the fairest and most accomplished among bankers' wives. The nobles, so intermarrying and so looking down con-

temptuously upon the brain and sinew of the land, have, as a matter of course, degenerated into colorless morsels of humanity. How long they can remain uppermost is for themselves to calculate, if they can; it is enough for us who see good wine at the bottom, and lees at the top, to know that there must be a settlement impending.

For the inhospitality of Viennese society there is one sufficient reason; it springs out of the dread of espionage. In this city of Vienna alone there are said to be four hundred police spies, varying in rank between an archduke and a waiter. Letters are not safe; writing-desks are not sacred. An office for opening letters exists in the post-office. Upon the slightest suspicion or curiosity, seals have impressions taken from them, the wax is melted over a jet of flame, the letters are read, and, if necessary, copied, re-sealed, and delivered. Wafers are of course moistened by steam. You cannot prevent this espionage, but it can be detected (supposing that to be any consolation) if you seal with wax over a wafer. One consequence of the melting and steaming practices of the Austrian post-office is especially afflictive to merchants;—bills come sometimes to be presented, while the letters containing advice of them lie detained by the authorities; acceptance, in the absence of advice, being refused.

From the surveillance of the police officials perhaps not a house in Vienna is free. The man whom you invited as a friend, and who is dancing with your wife, may be a spy. You cannot tell; and for this reason people in Vienna—naturally warm and sociable—close their doors upon familiarity, and are made freezingly inhospitable. Yet this grand machine of espionage leaves crime at liberty. Although murder is rare, or at least rare of discovery, (there is a Todschauer, or inspector of deaths, but no coroner's inquest,) unpunished forgeries and robberies of the most shameless kind outrage society continually. Many of the more distant provinces are infested by gangs of organized banditti; who will ride, during broad daylight, into a country gentleman's courtyard; invite themselves to dinner, take away his property, and insist on a ransom for himself if he has no wish to see his house in flames. When met by troops, these bands of thieves are often strong enough to offer battle.

But, although the Austrian police cannot protect Austrian subjects, it can annoy not only them, but foreigners besides. The English are extremely liable to suffer. One Englishman, only the other day, was ordered to the frontier for a quarrel with his landlady; another, for keeping bad society; another, for hissing a piece of music; three, for being suspected of political intrigue; two, for being newspaper reporters. The French have lately come in for their share of police attentions; and we have lost, from the same cause, the company of two Americans. Among the Austrians themselves, the very name of the police is a word of terror. By their hearths they dare barely whisper matter that would be harmless enough elsewhere, but dangerous here, if falling upon a policeman's ears.

Recently there was a poem published which professed to draw a parallel between a monarchy and a republic. Of course it was an orthodox and an almost rabid glorification of "sound" absolutist principles. The poet sent a copy to an Austrian noble; who, opening it carelessly, and immediately noticing the word "republic," handed the book back to a servant, with a shudder, and a note to the

author acknowledging its receipt, and wondering that the poet "should have thought him (the noble) capable of encouraging republican principles!" This note scarified the feelings of the rhymist intensely. He hurried off to exculpate himself and explain the real aim of his book. He did this, and, of course, his book was bought.

This is the state of Austria in 1851. Men of all grades look anxiously to France; well knowing that the events in Paris next year, if they lead to outbreak, will be felt in Vienna instantly. Yet Strauss delights the dancers, and the military bands play their "Hoch Lebe" round the throne. The nobles scorn the merchants and the men of letters; who return the noble scorn with a contemptuous pity. The murmur of the populace is heard below; but still we have the gayest capital in all the world. We throng the places of amusement. Dissipation occupies our minds and shuts out graver thought. Verily, Charles Stuart might be reigning in this capital.

From a fortnight's file of the Times.

THE USURPATION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

London, Monday, December 1, 1851.

The instinctive but peremptory conviction of the French people and of Europe points to the reëlection of Louis Napoleon as the only means of surmounting the difficulties and perils which encompass the French Republic and society at large, or, at least, of prolonging that truce between the contending forces of authority and the revolution which Europe owes in a great measure to his presence and his policy. The lassitude of France, the intense desire of repose even at the expense of liberty, the total disruption of all the elder political parties, the extinction of confidence in the parliamentary leaders, the absence of any acceptable competitors, or the claims of other competitors who terrify and repel the nation by the doctrines of their partisans, are causes which work more powerfully in Louis Napoleon's favor than his recent services or his own ambition. The strength on which he may rely does not consist so much in his person, or even in his name, as in the unexampled good fortune of his position. We incline to the opinion that the chances of his reëlection by peaceful and legal means, would have been even greater if his adherents had dissembled their avidity to promote it, and if he, confining himself more strictly to the terms of his present office, had left the nation to provide the means of renewing it. Even now, if he lays down his power upon the second Sunday in May, it would be hard to say what else could be done than to give it back to him. He is opposed by two violent factions. The republicans, who have been robbed of the fruits of the revolution they had made, and the institutions they had founded, by the popular suffrage on which they exclusively rely; and the parliamentary chiefs, who find themselves as much excluded from the sweets of power by the firmness of the president and by their own intrigues, as they were under Louis Philippe himself. Hence we see the anomalous spectacle of the Mountain manœuvring under the generalship of M. Thiers, and the conservative majority adopting the unqualified defence of an ultra-republican constitution. In a country like France, which has witnessed the destruction of every tradition and the violation of every compact between the people and its rulers, the law of 1848

is invested with a sanctity and an omnipotence which defies even the legislative authority to change it. The majority of the Assembly itself is bound for this purpose by the law of the minority, and this factitious stability of a three year old constitution is held to be proof against the petitions, the votes, and the manifest interests of a whole nation.

The democratic party seem strangely to lose sight of their own principle. When the supreme power in a state is exercised by a minority, called an aristocracy and invested with certain legislative privileges, they denounce such a government as a violation of all the rights of man, even though such power be exercised, as it must be, under the control of public opinion and with a due regard to the general interests. But call that a minority, the guardians of republican principles, exercising their veto in the name of a constitution of their own making, and they are more absolute than a sovereign or a house of peers, and infinitely more regardless of the consequences of their resistance.

The answer to these subtleties and objections lies in the common sense of the people. There must in every state be some power to which all others yield, competent to deal with every emergency, and to modify or suspend the law itself. No nation can be consigned to anarchy by some contrivance of absurdity, which it is beyond the power of man to alter; and if the law itself affords no remedy in such a predicament, the course of events will be arrested by some violent suspension of the law; that is, by a revolution. If such a measure be dictated by an imperative necessity, it would claim a bill of indemnity from the suffrages of the nation.

Assuming, however, that the constitution of 1848 has traced out the narrow span within which two irreconcilable forces are now contending for ascendancy, it becomes a matter of interest to examine the stringent obligations under which it has placed the executive power. By article 45, the president of the republic is elected for four years, and is only reëligible after an interval of four years. By article 47, the National Assembly determines the validity of the election, which requires more than half the votes recorded, and at least two millions of them; failing which, the Assembly itself elects the president from the five principal candidates. By article 48, the president swears "to remain faithful to the democratic republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties imposed by the constitution." By article 51, he is forbidden to dissolve or prorogue the National Assembly, or to suspend in any manner the authority of the constitution and the laws. Lastly, by article 68, "the president of the republic and his ministers, &c., are responsible, respectively, for all the acts of the government and the administration. Any measure by which the president of the republic dissolves the National Assembly, prorogues it, or impedes the exercise of its charge, is a crime of high treason. By this sole act, the president is degraded from his functions; the citizens are bound to refuse him their obedience; the executive power passes by right to the National Assembly. The judges of the Supreme Court of Justice are immediately to assemble, on pain of forfeiture; they convoke the jurors at the place they may designate, to proceed to the judgment of the president and his accomplices. A law will determine the other cases of responsibility as well as the forms and conditions of the prosecution."

It is this last mentioned law which is now under

discussion by the Assembly, and, in addition to these articles of the constitution, it is proposed to make it high treason to incite to the evasion of the 45th article. But, in fact, the law is already sufficiently explicit. These provisions of the constitution are couched in the strongest terms, and, as far as the authority of any law can be held to be unassailable in such a country as France, it is evident that the constitution cannot be touched at all by the president without incurring the highest penalties, and investing the legislative and judicial authorities with a full right to proceed against him, supposing them to have the material power to fulfil that duty. So that, on the one hand, we have a universal national impulse to the refection of the president, dictated by an instinct of public safety and by the obvious want of any other expedient, and, on the other hand, we have the strongest artificial barriers that could be raised by the law, sanctioned by an express dissolution of allegiance in the event of an attempt to upset these provisions.

Such laws (especially where no means can be employed for altering them) are pregnant with revolutions; they are the natural pretext of civil wars, and they place the nation between acts that cannot be legally defended and enactments that cannot be practically enforced. The constitution of which they form a part was a compromise between the republican faction, suddenly raised to power by the February revolution, and the party of order which consented at that time to accept the republic in that shape and on those terms. An amicable revision and adjustment of these terms has been proposed, but failed, by the refusal of the republican party. Any forcible attempt to alter its conditions would be held by that party to afford a complete justification of armed resistance; and, although we see little reason to question the fidelity and union of the army to the executive power and the superior strength of the government and its supporters, yet we cannot doubt that the organization of the Red party is sufficiently complete to enable it to plunge many parts of France into disorder, if not to renew the horrors of civil war. That party, it must ever be remembered, is the only one that has anything to gain by the divisions between Louis Napoleon and the late majority of the Assembly. It has already gained the advantages of good discipline, when its rivals are disunited, and of a frank and legal position, when they are disguising their policy or preparing to defeat the provisions of the constitution. In this position they may hope to hold their ground against the menaces of the government until the time comes, when, reinforced by the abolition of the law of the 31st of May, they will appeal to the country, anticipating a large accession to their present strength. If this be the case, it will not be the first time in the revolutionary assemblies of France that the extreme minority of one period has become supreme by the decay of the moderate party; and, although at this time the tide of events flows strongly in favor of Louis Napoleon, he may only reach that perilous eminence to find himself in presence of greater difficulties than those he has had to surmount on his way.

[On the 2d of Dec. the Oracle was silent, its editorial head being occupied with the article on Marshal Soult, which is laid aside for the Living Age.]

London, Wednesday, December 3, 1851.

The French Revolution has once more resumed its eccentric and irresistible course; and this ineffectual compromise between the institutions of a democratic republic and the representative of imperial government is already overhrown. The step just taken by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, whatever may be its ulterior consequences, at once overleaps the barrier between law and revolution. The future government of the country, and even the existence of its constituted authorities, rest altogether on the fortune of the moment and the fidelity of the army. The electric spark which transmitted to us yesterday morning the intelligence of events not yet consummated upon the theatre of action, is not more swift than their changes; and even at the hour at which we write we are still in ignorance of the forces brought to bear on this revolution and of the resistance it may have to encounter in the nation. This much is, however, already certain, that Louis Napoleon has burst the legal conditions of his power, that the laws and limitations by which he held the highest office in the state are either annihilated by this blow or turned against himself, as the chief enemy of the constitution, and that he stands either amenable, by failure, to the supreme judicature of the country, or becomes by success the popular candidate for unlimited personal power. There is no other alternative, and the events of yesterday must either consign France, for the present, to a Bonapartist dictatorship, or send Louis Bonaparte to Vincennes. The government, however, seems prepared to make its act decisive and complete. The military chiefs of the Assembly, Generals Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoriciere, and Charras, are reported to have been arrested at the outset of the revolution, and transferred to the fortress in which they would willingly have immured Louis Napoleon himself; and, after the part which M. Thiers has played for the last few years in the revolutions of France, it will excite no regret to learn that he, too, has been committed to this new Bastille. This measure was doubtless taken to prevent the effect which might have been produced by an appeal from these leaders to the army or the members of the Assembly, and to strike terror into those who might otherwise have turned their arms against the president, or rallied the scattered forces of the Assembly. We learn further, that upon the closing of the legislature a considerable body of members, belonging chiefly to the legitimist party, assembled at the adjoining *Mairie*, where they were surrounded by troops, and conveyed under arrest to the neighboring barracks. A more sweeping extinction of legislative authority, and a more utter contempt for the representatives of a great people, has not been witnessed since the dissolution of the Long Parliament or the expulsion of the Council of 500 from the Orangery of St. Cloud.

From the first announcement of the president's intention to demand the abrogation of the electoral law, accompanied by the summary dismissal of the Faucher cabinet, and followed by the appointment of so significant a minister as General St. Arnaud with his most insignificant colleagues, we have anticipated the occurrence of events and the renewal of adventures which would probably change the provisional condition of France. These apprehensions have been greatly increased by the factious conduct of the Assembly, by the unprincipled coalitions formed between the president's

personal enemies and his republican opponents, and by the attitude assumed by the government under the increasing encouragement of the populace of Paris.

The very last time we had occasion to discuss the condition of France we observed, "That if the law itself affords no relief to a nation in such a predicament, the course of events will be arrested by some violent suspension of the law, that is, by a revolution;" and we added that, "if such a measure be dictated by an imperative necessity, it would claim an indemnity from the suffrages of the nation." That sentence, published forty-eight hours before the event, appears accurately to describe the present emergency; for, whether any such "imperative necessity" existed or not, it had become evident that the impatience of the executive power was increased by the cabals of its parliamentary antagonists, and inflamed by the favor of the people.

But, though we have long deplored the factious spirit of the Assembly, and the ascendancy almost involuntarily conceded in that body to the most mischievous of its members, the circumstances at present known to us are not such as to account for and justify a *coup d'état* which tramples underfoot the whole legal system of the country. The constitution of 1848, however, contained from the first the germ of such a revolution; for it had placed the highest political authority in the Assembly, while it conferred upon an independent executive government, stimulated by perpetual rivalry and frequent collision, the physical and political means of destroying an obstacle it could not otherwise remove. The history of the last three years has been the history of this contest, and as the time drew near at which the legal powers of the contending parties were to expire, the danger of an explosion became imminent. We conclude from the political elements which have alone survived the protracted convulsions of France—the throne being overturned, the aristocracy destroyed, the country centralized, and the army paramount—that the French people must either be governed by a dictatorial power not seriously controlled by any representative Assembly, or by an Assembly disposing absolutely of the executive authority; and an imperial despotism is at least preferable to anarchy or to the government of a committee of public safety.

The measures of the government have been taken with that boldness which tells most in revolutions. The military authorities had for some days past held the army in immediate preparation and on the verge of action. General Perrot, the Commandant of the National Guard of Paris, had just been removed in consequence of an attempt to place on his staff a man obnoxious to himself, and known by the violence he had displayed on former occasions. The command of the civic troops was thereupon transferred to M. de Turgot, late Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose presence in that post might at least have the effect of paralyzing the hostile activity of the legions. M. de Morny, well known as a member of what was termed the *progressive* party under M. Guizot's administration, and nearly connected with Louis Napoleon by blood, is introduced into the cabinet as Minister of the Interior, and M. Fould has resumed his place as Minister of Finance. But the issue of the crisis depends altogether on the army, and the army on General St. Arnaud. There is every reason to believe that the army will act in perfect

unison, and without the slightest deference to any commands not emanating from its regular chiefs, especially as it has been deprived of the ablest of its other leaders. The French people are so apt to obey a given impulse in any direction, that we are surprised to find this revolution accomplished thus far without any serious resistance, and hailed, as usual, by popular acclamation. The Assembly, which was so ardently discussing but yesterday the measures to be taken for its defence and the rights of parliamentary resistance, was deserted by public opinion before it was assailed by the executive power; and the catastrophe at which it has now arrived is no more than the result of the destructive and contemptible line of policy adopted by the majority at the commencement of the year now hurrying to its close. But the Assembly has done more than annihilate its own influence and authority. It has injured and disgraced the cause of constitutional and representative government in France. It has put the seal of doom on that experiment of representative government which has been tried in France with so many vicissitudes and so little success for upwards of sixty years; and it has left the land it professed to rule to be the spoil of these myrmidons of military power. The appeal made by Louis Napoleon to universal suffrage can only be interpreted to mean an appeal to the people in his own favor; and no reliance will be placed on the existence of Chambers depending on his pleasure, when the National Assembly of the republic has just been overthrown by his will.

It is not improbable, indeed, that this change will be accepted by a people attached to no traditions of the past, despising the present, and incredulous of the future. But it will be accepted, if it be so accepted, without genuine enthusiasm or confidence. If the entire party once known as that of the conservative majority be annihilated by this revolution, including as it does whatever has hitherto been most eminent in the councils or the armies of France, it is not the less certain that the revolutionary and republican elements to which Louis Napoleon is most strongly opposed still exist in full organization and vigor. They may be stunned by this blow; they will be coerced by the army, and prosecuted by the laws; but they consist of men not likely to desist from a contest in which they have now but one opponent, even though that opponent be designated by universal suffrage. The fortunes of Louis Napoleon are therefore by no means decided by the occurrences of yesterday; for his government, if established, enters upon a new and more violent field of conflict, to which it is impossible to assign a limit or any certain object. The step now irretrievably taken opens a new period in the revolutionary annals of France and of Europe of the most momentous interest to the cause of civilization and the peace of the world; but, whatever may be the results of these events, it is but too certain that the true interests of freedom and the nobler principles of constitutional government are already sacrificed. The humiliation of February, 1848, is avenged by the humiliation of December, 1851; and France is doomed once more to descend, step by step, from the horrors and folly of popular revolution to the stern bondage of military rule.

London, Thursday, December 4, 1851.

A country in a state of revolution is a country without law. The political compact is broken. The limits of authority are effaced. The idea of

right succumbs to the grasp of force; and it signifies but little in principle whether such acts are done by the undisciplined hordes of a popular insurrection or by the regular compression of military power. To those who seek through all the vicissitudes of political life to maintain inviolate the fixed principles of legal right, by which alone society can be honestly and freely governed, it matters comparatively little for what object or by what forces these principles are violated. Governments founded on such a basis are tainted from their birth, for they are commonly the offspring of fraud as well as of force, and they repudiate by their origin those sacred obligations of respect for the law which it is the first business of every government to uphold.

Such are in few words the principles by which the last revolution of France will eventually be judged by those who share our opinions. It is possible that success may disguise the glaring violence of this transaction. It is admitted that the absurd constitution of 1848, placed the president and the Assembly in permanent hostility, and that the Assembly did not measure its conduct by its real strength. It is probable that the organized force of the army may prevail at this moment in a country where no other positive force is organized, and where the political leaders of every shade are caught like fishes in a net, and removed by arbitrary arrest from the scene of action. It rests with the French nation to determine whether the supreme control of its government is to be transferred by such measures and vested in such hands. But we owe it to truth, to freedom, and to history, to declare that every pledge of political duty has been broken—that the moving force in these events is personal ambition, supported by unscrupulous instruments—and that it is scarcely possible to conceive the establishment of a permanent or honorable government on such a basis. Having said thus much, retaining, as we still do, the hope that this revolution will not necessarily interfere with the pacific relations subsisting between the French government and our own country, we shall abstain from such incriminatory remarks as the occasion might suggest, but which the gravity of the interests concerned would render unseasonable, and perhaps injurious to the public interests. We believe that it is the fixed resolution of every government in Europe, including our own, to view with perfect impartiality and absolute forbearance every possible change that may occur in the constitution and government of France. It rests with the French nation to resist or to submit, to establish or to overthrow, to live as freemen or to crouch before the iron or the leaden idols of despotic power. As long as the rights of other nations are respected, and as long as France shows more constancy to her treaties than she does to her laws, it is due to her government, whatever it may be, to judge its actions rather with reference to ourselves, than to a people whose fate it is to be the spectacle and the lesson of the world. Each successive convulsion in this long series of events is but an incident in one disjointed whole. Never having supposed that the republic of 1848 had any chance of permanent duration, since it was imposed by force upon a reluctant and astonished nation, we can profess but little concern at the humiliating mode of its extinction. But at the same time we can augur nothing better or more lasting for the power which seems destined to succeed it; and even the present success—if such it should be—of this desperate stroke would only increase our apprehensions of a fiercer contest at no very distant period. In a word,

if “stability” be the motto or the promise of the new government, that is precisely the quality we are least prepared to find in it; and in “closing the era of revolutions,” Louis Napoleon has very possibly brought the country once more within the vortex of anarchy.

The proclamations of Louis Napoleon to the people and to the army can hardly be relied upon for the expression of any deliberate policy or any positive engagement. But after the customary denunciations heaped by every revolutionary power on the power it has overthrown, we find in his address to the people what we take to be a proposal for the resuscitation of the consular and imperial constitutions framed on the Abbé Sièyes’ plan of the constitution de l’An VIII., and terminated by the Imperial Senatus-consultum of the 28th Floreal An XII., (18th May, 1804.) These constitutions caused all legislation to originate with a council of state named by the executive power. The bills so prepared were discussed and voted by what was termed the legislative body; and this body was further controlled by the *Sénat Conservateur*, named by the executive or self-elected. The ministers under such a system are, as it is expressly stated, to depend on the head of the executive *alone*. We scarcely require to be reminded of the mute and inanimate assemblies of the empire to discover that such a constitution is a system of absolute government very thinly disguised. The name of the republic is merely introduced as a blind into this address, and the only allusion to public liberty is that which places it under the protection of the conservative senate.

The address to the army is a more direct appeal to the only power on which the government actually rests. By one of those audacious contradictions common at such times, the army is told, at the very moment when every part of the capital is under military occupation, that it is “to assist the country to manifest its will in calmness and reflection,” and that as the army is “the *élite* of the nation,” it will of course save France. With less dexterity, the army is reminded that it has the popular humiliations of 1830, and 1848, to efface, and that it is united to the name of Napoleon by common ties of glory and *misfortune*. The effect of these proclamations on the population of Paris was doubtless less favorable than had been anticipated. The cry of “*Vive la République*,” which the president had dropped, greeted his passage in the streets; and the aspect of the capital has hitherto been that of hesitation, increased by the compulsory silence of the press and the arrest of the parliamentary leaders. As to the assertion that an armed conspiracy to depose the president, headed by General Changarnier and M. Thiers, was on the eve of exploding, we withhold our belief from it until further proof; for the means of executing such a plot were evidently wanting; and, on the other hand, the complete and extensive preparations of the army and the police, made under pretence of arresting a Socialist movement, indicate a preëxisting determination on the part of the government. The wretched ministers of the Thoirigny cabinet were of course dismissed when the moment of action had arrived. But of that feeble band one man of vigor remained; we mean General St. Arnaud, whom we had pointed out from his first accession to office as the probable chief of a military revolution.

Upon the occurrence of these events a portion of the Assembly, exceeding two hundred members, proceeded to assert its legal rights, to outlaw the president, and convolve the high court of justice; but

these last and feeble struggles of legal authority were at once repressed by a detachment of light troops, and the last protest of parliamentary power was unsupported by the people. This incident is chiefly of importance at the present moment as showing that almost every person of political eminence has not only withdrawn from the Bonapartists, but has pledged himself to the most active opposition of which the circumstances admit. The names published as belonging to the new Conseil d'Etat are those of men designated by the government, but we have no evidence of their acceptance of the office. The question is not only how matters stand under the direct military coercion of the present moment, but what will happen when that coercion is taken off. The press cannot always be gagged, generals and statesmen arrested, and their followers dispersed. But the struggle on which Louis Napoleon has entered is one which can only terminate in his favor by the immediate and total prostration of all his adversaries, or by the chances of civil war. Moreover, the effect of this *coup d'état* on his own character and prospects in the country has yet to be determined. As long as he remained within the legal bounds of his authority it was certainly the wish of the country to see that authority legally extended, and, in spite of the occurrences of his earlier life, he had gradually won upon the confidence of the conservative party in France and throughout Europe. But the claims he may now put forward to popular support for an unlimited personal power, relying exclusively on military force, are totally distinct from his former claims to the renewal of his office; and it by no means follows that the same amount of national support will be given to the successful chief of a military revolution as he might have received in the strict discharge of his constitutional duties. Lastly, the services of Praetorians must be paid for by imperial largesses, and the favor of the people bought by not less costly concessions. Were such a government suddenly invested with omnipotence, it would have to meet the present demands upon it at the expense of its future resources. At present not a tax can be legally levied, and we have yet to learn by what proportion of the nation the government of Louis Napoleon is still identified with the government of France.

London, Friday, December 5, 1851.

In the distant days of King Louis Philippe, when France still labored under the yoke of constitutional monarchy, and bounded her military ambition by a campaign in Northern Africa, it was sometimes whispered by far-seeing observers, that the future master of France was probably skirmishing in the gorges of Mount Atlas, and that the African army and its chiefs, trained in that rude school of barbaric warfare, would one day make their country feel the edge of the sword which had drunk so deep of Arab blood. The days of that prediction are now fulfilled. Paris itself has become the scene of the last *razzia* of General St. Arnaud; and all that remained of greatness or independence in the political assemblies of France has been driven like cattle into a pen by the military marauders who hold supreme authority in the capital of that great nation. For this end countless millions and innumerable lives have been squandered in the obscure warfare of that Algerine dependency. An army was formed and flattered by the indulgence of its despotic, rapacious, and sanguinary instincts; until from the professional guardian

of public order it has become the basis of usurpation and absolute government; and from this staff of officers, deaf to the rights and laws of European freedom, and despising the forms of constitutional government, the men of action were at length selected, not for the superior quality of their services, but for the laxity of their principles and the energy of their ambition. Such are the instruments by which this revolution has been commenced, and may even be consummated; such are the men by whom, if at all, the imperialist government of France must be reëstablished.

We presume that no doubt can linger in the minds of our readers as to the true nature of this catastrophe. It is not a free appeal to the nation; it is not a dissolution of the National Assembly, to be followed by the convocation of another constituent body and the revision of the constitution by any elective authority—a measure which the circumstances of the case and the subsequent approval of the nation might perhaps have justified. Had the president confined his arbitrary interference to the object of revision which the country demanded, he had still in his own hands a cause which has now been much compromised by the violence and precipitation of his late actions. But the question now propounded by the government is simply whether a dictatorial and constitutive power is to be conferred on Louis Napoleon; and this question is first to be answered, in the terms of Yes or No, within forty-eight hours, by the ARMY. Popular election, with the blind and clumsy machinery of universal suffrage, is to be consulted next week; but to-day, to-morrow, immediately on the receipt of orders from the minister of war, the officers in command of detachments throughout France are to take the votes of the troops, on what is ludicrously termed a *plebiscite*, investing Louis Napoleon with absolute power. The army is, therefore, directed by its votes as well as by its arms virtually to decree the form of the government, and to anticipate the choice of the people. These military orders for a praetorian election are accompanied by no less peremptory instructions to the civil agents of the government throughout France. The prefects are commanded by a circular despatch of M. DeMorny, minister of the interior, "to supersede all the *juges de paix*, mayors, and other functionaries whose support they cannot rely on—to require from all these functionaries to give in, in writing, their adhesion to the great measure adopted by the government—instantly to arrest every one who should attempt to disturb public tranquillity—and to suspend every journal whose arguments might be hostile to it." Upon the obedience or resistance of the civil and military authorities throughout France to these orders depends at this moment the success or failure of this daring attempt; and the still wider question of proscription and civil war. The celebrated circulars of M. Ledru Rollin were not more despotically revolutionary, for the language of all governments imposed by force is the same. But though nothing has been respected, and even the Court of Cassation, the last sanctuary of civil justice, has been intimidated and dissolved by troops, the uniform obedience of an army of 400,000 men, of a scarcely less numerous host of public functionaries, and of a nation of thirty-six millions, to orders entirely devoid of a pretence of legality, would be to us the most astonishing occurrence which even the French revolution has brought forth. Such proceedings resemble Mallet's conspiracy more than

the deliberate acts of a great party. They originate with a very small number of persons, who have not yet secured the positive adherence of any larger class, except the army, which has acted from discipline and passive obedience. The names of the persons designated by the president to form a "consultative commission" are either those of his most devoted creatures, or of men whose consent to sit on such a body had not been asked or obtained. One at least of their number has addressed a letter to Louis Napoleon, in which he indignantly renews the use thus made of his name, and declares that the only office he holds is that which he derives from the people. In fact, thus far, the immense military and civil machinery of government in France, the army and the police, appear to have been set in motion by an unsubstantial power, and they are expected to give the strength they can only serve to transmit.

The real claim of Louis Napoleon to the gratitude of France and to the confidence of Europe—one that we have always been ready to admit—was that he had given tranquillity to a nation still convulsed by a paroxysm of revolution, and that he had respected the conditions of peace abroad; and the principal motive for desiring the prolongation of his power by legal means was that this seemed the only mode of averting another revolution. But the events of the last few days have entirely changed his position. His power can only now be prolonged by a revolution; and, in place of the fallacious tranquillity in which the nation hoped to rest, it is plunged into a fresh conflict, from which it can only emerge through the sacrifice of its liberties to a dictatorial authority, or the destruction of that authority by the fury of a popular convulsion. However we may be disposed to question the ultimate success of such a *coup d'état*, the chief argument in Louis Napoleon's favor seems to be that it is still more difficult to suggest any other expedient. The monarchical parties are in a state of total discomfiture, and the miserable intrigues of the Orleanists especially have only served for the pretext of this conspiracy of the government against the conditions of its own existence. The republic has already lost the form in which it had been accepted by the nation, and the man who had been elected in 1848 as a refuge from its natural tendencies and inconveniences. Even the conservative party, which had exercised for a time by means of the Assembly the power gradually regained after the revolution of February, is now stricken, divided, imprisoned, and exhausted. The republic, reestablished after such an attack upon it, would have all the forces derived from a fresh popular convulsion, and the triumph of extreme principles. It would, in fact, be far more intolerant, absolute, and probably aggressive, than it was after 1848, and consequently even more abhorrent to the mass of the community. Yet what escape is there left from that last extremity but to acquiesce in this usurpation? That argument must have weight with the mercantile classes and the more timorous or servile spirits of the country. But they deceive themselves if they imagine that the whole authority of the law can be restored by the same power which has just overthrown it for purposes of its own. Even if such a power be established by the obedience of the army, it will be encompassed by every species of secret conspiracy and open resistance. It will have its Moreau, and it may have its Duke D'Enghien, for the glory of the first consul himself did not save him from an implacable conflict with enemies whom

he crushed even at the cost of crime. France is entering upon a period of suspicion, coercion, and suppressed or flagrant anarchy, to which even the horrors of civil war may be invited to put a term.

From the immense amount of the military resources of the government and the stern determination with which they are employed, it was not to be expected that any successful effort of popular resistance could be made in Paris. Nevertheless, from an early hour yesterday the streets of the capital, and especially the faubourgs of St. Martin and St. Antoine, witnessed a renewal of the scenes of carnage we have so often had to record and to deplore. In vain the minister of war decreed that every person taken in the act of raising barricades should suffer according to the most rigorous laws of war, or, in other words, should be instantly shot. The barricades were raised, and they were defended by the indomitable courage of the population from midday to five in the afternoon against the forces of the army supported by artillery. The insurrection was quelled, it is said; but we fear this conflict is only the forerunner of more general disturbances, which can only be crushed by acts of unqualified severity: and how is it possible for a government to submit its pretensions to the decision of the country by universal suffrage whilst that question is in reality pending between the cannon of the army and the barricades of the people? We do not doubt that Louis Napoleon, who has shown indisputable firmness in the conduct of this revolution, is profoundly desirous to avoid a sanguinary conflict, and that he regrets that the blow aimed chiefly at his rivals in the Assembly should fall with all its hardships on the people. But such are the terrible consequences of the responsibility he has incurred. He has to face a determined republican party in all the cities of France, and the rural socialism of many departments. He has to dispose of a captive National Assembly and a silenced press. He will soon have to provide for a population thrown out of work by this sudden renewal of a period of disorder; and even admitting that he be thus invested with dictatorial power, he has a task to perform from which the wisest government in the strongest hands might recoil with dismay.

London, Saturday, December 6, 1851.

It is worth while, even in the midst of the catastrophe now pending in France, to investigate one or two of the lesser acts of Louis Napoleon's new government, as a test of its honesty, a pledge of its future intentions, and a proof of the correctness of our own impression of its character. One of his first measures was to announce the formation of what he termed a "Consultative Commission," wishing, as was stated by the preamble of the decree, "to surround himself with men who justly enjoy the esteem and confidence of the country, until the reorganization of the legislative body and the Council of State." Accordingly, the decree named as members of this commission about 80 persons, many of whom were members of the majority in the late Assembly, and who were thus represented as having consented to serve the new government. Among them were M. Barthe, Admiral Cécille, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, M. de Montalembert, M. de Merode, M. Léon Faucher, the Marquis de Lagrange, the Duc de Mouchy, M. Lacrosse, and many other gentlemen of character and station. We observed at once, upon the appearance of this list, that we had no evidence of the

acceptance by those persons of the duties thrust upon them, and, in fact, we discredited the assertion of the *Moniteur* that any such acceptances had taken place, remembering the celebrated proclamation published upon the landing of Louis Napoleon at Boulogne in 1840, by which M. Thiers was constituted prime minister of the new empire. In truth, the present object was simply to mislead the public for 24 hours into the belief that the president was actually surrounded by men who deserve the esteem and confidence of the nation. But the statement was entirely false, and the use of these names was a political forgery, unsanctioned by the great majority of the persons who bear them. On the very next day a fresh decree was issued, stating that the former edict contained "a few inaccuracies," and substituting for it another list not containing one of those men of character and eminence, who had protested, with more or less indignation, at being thus pressed into the service of the new government. It is important to remark that up to this time no person of note has tendered his services to Louis Napoleon beyond the original authors of the *coup d'état* and the military commanders, who had been selected for their entire devotion to his service.

As another example of the character of this government we notice the fact, that on Monday, the 1st of December, the minister of finance induced the Bank of France to lend him a million sterling, alleging that it was a mere affair of temporary accommodation to be provided for by treasury bills. The use made of these funds is now sufficiently apparent, for the *coup d'état* took place next morning, and services were required and performed for which the most liberal donations to the army and the police would hardly seem disproportioned. We leave the means by which this sum was obtained from the bank for such a purpose to be appreciated by our readers.

If anything could give an appearance of legal necessity to the military operations in Paris, and to the tremendous severity of the measures employed to crush the resistance of the people, it is the part which the organized sections of the Red Republic and the desperate combatants of that faction are again taking in this struggle. "*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis*," may well be the answer of the French people to a cry of independence and a promise of succor conveyed to them in the sinister language of M. Louis Blanc. Nothing can be more afflicting than the position of the middle classes and the pacific part of the population, between a host of fierce revolutionists who can only be put down by an immense army, and an army prepared to dispose absolutely of all political power as a recompense for the protection it affords to property and life. For the first time in these terrific street-battles of Parisian history, we hear nothing of the National Guard. It is remarkable that no proclamation or appeal has been addressed to that body by the government. The civic forces have been expressly consigned to inaction, evidently because Louis Napoleon was afraid to rely upon them, and nothing would have been more inconvenient than the opposition of legions of armed citizens. Even now it is not impossible that their weight may be felt before the termination of this conflict, but felt against the executive power. The government has staked its whole success on the army alone, and the strength of the regular forces engaged is immensely greater than on any former occasion. But, be the political opinions and ulterior views of

the popular leaders what they may, it is impossible not to feel for the dauntless courage with which they have flung themselves into open resistance to an unexampled violation of the rights of the nation. The middle classes, though probably most aggrieved by the menace of military despotism, would have found neither the means nor the spirit to defy such a power. But, if the men of the faubourgs are as tenacious and as brave in the defence of the laws of the republic as they have more than once shown themselves to be when they rose against the laws of the monarchy, victory has not even yet declared herself against the liberties of France. These men are not at least on this occasion the insurgents, if by an insurgent is meant the man who conspires against the legal order of the country, and seeks to change by force the constitution and the government.

The barricades first thrown up on Wednesday evening were speedily carried by the soldiers; but the night was spent in further preparations for war. A large column of troops was silently moved along the Boulevard towards the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the positions between the Canal and the Porte St. Martin were strongly occupied. Shots were occasionally fired from houses on the line of march; but these acts of hostility were instantly punished by the summary seizure or slaughter of the inhabitants. A permanent court-martial was sitting, by whose orders some, and we are told a large number, of the prisoners taken between the barricades were shot. Yet these operations and this rigor did not prevent the popular movement from increasing in extent and in violence. An immense body of troops, or rather an entire army, described to consist of 50,000 men, poured towards the scene of action. Yet we find by the latest accounts that barricades had been raised as far to the west as the Rue Grange-Batelière; the upper Boulevards were continually swept by charges of Lancers; and the cannonade had almost reached the fashionable quarter just beyond the Rue Vivienne. It is, of course, impossible to answer for the accuracy of intelligence despatched under such circumstances, but, if these facts are correct, the struggle has extended far beyond the limits of the Marais and the faubourgs, and the popular forces can hardly be confined to the revolutionary sections of those districts. Hitherto we had beheld in France contests between governments armed to defend the laws of society and insurgents armed to overthrow them. But now, as if to make this chaos of anarchy worse confounded, men have to take a part between a government attacking the law and an insurrection to defend it; though it is but too probable that the triumph of either faction will inflict a ghastly wound on the freedom and welfare of the nation. Such are the results of those alternations between an excessive impatience of legal authority, and servile deference to arbitrary power, which are so strangely united in the French character; and, whatever be the deplorable condition of such a people, its trials and its struggles are solely attributable to acts depending on its own will.

The decisive turn of events will, however, be given by the conduct of the army in the provinces. It is in the power of any of the generals commanding in Lyons, Strasbourg, or the other head-quarters of the military districts, to arrest, or at least to suspend, the fate of the nation. The first blow has so far miscarried that it has not been followed by any popular manifestation in favor of Louis Napoleon;

and, though supported by the army, it has inaugurated his power by torrents of blood shed by that people to whose misplaced confidence he owes whatever he possesses in the world. The intelligence of the resistance in Paris, though disguised by the government as far as possible, will kindle the same spirit in every important city in France. Even the army can hardly look forward with unshaken resolution to a war with the civil and popular forces of the nation; and the undisguised military absolutism of Louis Napoleon's proclamations has at once exasperated his enemies and alienated his friends. In such an attempt not to gain strength rapidly and universally is to lose it. Surprise and skilful preparation have, aided by overwhelming force, done their part to perfection, but on the third day of the revolution Louis Napoleon was disputing, step by step, the barricades of Paris, and consigning hundreds of victims to death and misery, instead of receiving the incense and the homage of an enthusiastic people. Such are the facts, as far as we are acquainted with them; and we must infer either that this enterprise will meet with the fate it deserves, or that, if it succeed, success will be obtained by means which must widen the breach between the people and the government.

London, Monday, December 8, 1851.

On the 13th of November, 1850, Louis Napoleon declared, in his message to the National Assembly of France, that "he considered as great criminals those who by personal ambition compromised the small amount of stability secured by the constitution; that such was his profound conviction, which had never been shaken; that the invariable rule of his political life would be, under all circumstances, to do his duty, and nothing but his duty; that every one, except himself, was at liberty to seek to hasten the revision of the fundamental law; that if the constitution contained defects and dangers the Assembly was competent to expose them to the eyes of the country; but that he alone, bound by his oath, restrained himself within the strict limits traced by that act; that whatever the future solution of affairs was to be, it was essential to provide against it, so that passion, surprise, and violence should never decide the fate of a great nation; that the first duty of authorities was to inspire the people with veneration for the law, by never deviating from it themselves; and that his anxiety was not, he assured the Assembly, to know who would govern France in 1852, but to employ the time at his disposal so that the transition, whatever it might be, should be effected without agitation or disturbance;" for, said he, "the noblest object, and that most worthy of an exalted mind, is not to seek, when in power, how to perpetuate it, but to labor incessantly to fortify, for the benefit of all, those principles of authority and morality which defy the passions of mankind and the instability of laws."

We still remember the joy and confidence with which these words were received by the Assembly and the French nation—these words, which must now strike their self-convicted author in the midst of his sanguinary triumph, and leave a stigma on his truth and honor which the crown of an empire cannot hide or efface. If such had been the genuine spirit of Louis Napoleon's administration, can it be doubted that, as he drew nearer to the close of it, resolved to fulfil all the legal conditions of his election, the gratitude of the country, no less

than the fear of change, would have prevailed over every obstacle, and reinstated him in a position which he had shown himself worthy to fill? But instead of this auspicious renewal of his constitutional duties, by what sinister events, by what secret practices, by what appalling violence, has the establishment of his dictatorial power been accompanied! Instead of being an act of homage and confidence from the entire nation, this power has been seized by the conspiracy of a clandestine cabinet, and is to be held by the irresistible authority of 300,000 bayonets. Never was "the fate of a great nation" more effectually disposed of "by surprise and violence;" never were "the principles of authority and morality" more audaciously invaded by force and dishonesty. The army, stung by allusions to its former defeats, and inflamed by more vulgar stimulants to its passions, was first set upon the scattered members of the legislature, and then let loose with unmitigated ferocity upon the people. All that offered the least show of resistance to acts which overturned the constitution and threatened to annihilate every trace of public liberty, were confounded in one common proscription with the socialists and anarchists, and swept off by grape-shot on the boulevards, or by the military executions which instantly followed in the Champ de Mars. Every sign of that popular enthusiasm, which commonly marks the commencement and the close of the reigns of princes, was wanting; but it was compensated by the overbearing arrogance of an army confident of victory over the civil power. We learn, from the numerous accounts which have reached us, that the aspect of this army was not that of troops engaged in the painful duty of repressing disturbances amongst their fellow-citizens, but of men pursuing their enemies to the death, without quarter or forbearance, in the heart of a conquered city. It will never be known at what a cost of life to the citizens of Paris Louis Napoleon found himself master of the government on the evening of the 4th of December; but from the comparatively small loss on the side of the army it is evident that the resistance was at no time comparable to that of the insurgents in June, 1848; and that every means were taken which the improved science of street warfare and the pitiless commands of the African generals could suggest to strike with the whole force of an armed hand on the heads of the people. The army, to use a significant expression, *did its worst*. Such an opportunity of exterminating the Red faction in Paris had long been sought for by the principal generals, and this lesson of terror is the inauguration of Louis Napoleon's absolute power. Speaking within the limits of historical truth, and upon the evidence of many eye-witnesses of these events, we affirm that the bloody and treacherous deeds of the 4th of December will be remembered with horror in the annals even of that city which witnessed the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Reign of Terror.

After the resolution of the government and its military strength have been thus unequivocally shown, and when the country may be said to be altogether under martial law, the pretence of what is termed "consulting the people" is a mockery of the vanquished. The mode of voting adopted in the army has been to form the regiments into a hollow square, to read the proposition conferring full powers on Louis Napoleon, preceded and followed by a roll of the drum, and to conclude by a declaration of unanimous assent, which is recorded

on the muster-rolls of the regiment. As the civil election is to be by secret voting, under the sole inspection of officers of government, already pledged to the support of all its measures, there is, of course, no guarantee whatever of the sincerity or correctness of such a ballot; and as the whole provincial press is suspended, with the exception of a few government journals, every condition of a fair election is wanting. Throughout these extraordinary transactions we trace an equal amount of craft and of violence; every part of them is vitiated by an air of falsehood, and in this respect particularly they are more like one of the revolutions of Lahore than a conflict between liberty and despotism in the capital of France. Yet it is not improbable that even these contrivances will produce effect for a time on the common people. The choice proposed to them is between Louis Napoleon or nothing—that is, total anarchy. They are but too eager to resign that fatal gift of civil responsibility which the revolution placed in their hands; for in truth the vote by which they extinguished the republic was that of the 10th of December, 1848, and not that to be given on the 20th of December, 1851; and as soon as the horrors which have accompanied this change, at least in Paris, are past, the next impulse of such a people, terrified and exhausted by these conflicts, will be to lie prostrate before its master. In fact, from the part assumed by the army at this period of the eventful history of France—the army being, as the forces of the continent now are, a war establishment for internal purposes—it is probable that if Louis Napoleon once makes his new position secure by the union and energy of his military resources, the only serious danger he will have to parry for some time is that of military disaffection. The popular and republican party is identified with the socialist faction and proscribed. The parliamentary and constitutional party is broken up by the misconduct of the late Assembly, the intrigues of M. Thiers, who has lived to complete the ruin of all he professed to serve, and the incarceration of its other leaders. The army is master of the field; all parties and all ambitions are merged in its ranks; but, in spite of its discipline and its success, we shall soon perceive that political passions are inherent in a body which has ceased to be a mere instrument, and that every other interest will be made to bend to the gratification of its desires and the maintenance of its ascendancy. "The army," says Gibbon, in one of the chapters of his history, which describes the brutal and profligate elections of a Commodus and a Maximin by the Roman soldiery, "is the only order of men sufficiently united to concur in the same sentiments, and powerful enough to impose them on the rest of their fellow-citizens; but the temper of soldiers, habituated at once to violence and to slavery, renders them very unfit guardians of a legal, or even a civil constitution. Justice, humanity, or political wisdom, are qualities they are too little acquainted with in themselves to appreciate them in others. Valor will acquire their esteem, and liberality will purchase their suffrage; but the first of these merits is often lodged in the most savage breasts; the latter can only exert itself at the expense of the public; and both may be turned against the possessor of the throne by the ambition of a daring rival." The general defects of military governments are heightened in the case of Louis Napoleon by the peculiar circumstance that he is not identified with the army on which he relies. If he possesses military talents,

they are at present unknown, and his personal influence with the troops is confined to the *prestige* of his name, or the lavish prodigality of his means of corruption. It is evident that these considerations, on which the existence of such a government depends, have a direct bearing on the two all-important questions of his financial resources and his external policy. If it be the hard necessity of France to acquiesce in such a revolution, which repeats the old lesson that the road is short from such popular excesses to military tyranny, we may deplore the extinction of her constitutional rights, but we view without surprise the ordinary results of democratic revolution. But the maintenance of her credit and her financial system, and still more the preservation of peace, are matters of general importance to Europe, and we desire, more than we hope, that on these points the government of Louis Napoleon will remove the distrust which such events are calculated to excite. Probably the intelligence of this daring blow will be received with short-sighted satisfaction by some of the military and despotic rulers of the continent. But far different is its effect upon the mind and spirit of the people of England. We perceive with pride that the English press, (with one base exception,) feeling that it now retains almost alone in Europe the power and the will to defend the great principles of political freedom and legality, already utters with its united voice the abhorrence which such acts as these must excite among a free nation. If those principles be once more expelled from the continent by democratic revolutions and military reaction, it is more than ever our duty to vindicate their authority; and, with sentiments of unaltered good-will to the French nation, we are thrown upon our guard against the surprises and violence of a government which has not scrupled to betray the liberties of its own subjects.

[The leader of 9th December, "Order reigns in Paris," was printed in No. 400, page 141.]

London, Wednesday, December 10, 1851.

In the ranks of our contemporaries, who now raise their voices in harmony with our own to protest, as far as lies within the scope of writers in a foreign country, against the recent *coup d'état* in France, we trace not a few of those who hailed the revolution of February with exultation, and refused to acknowledge in 1848 that the fall of the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe threatened to prove a mortal blow to the liberties of France. Yet, these events, less superficially considered, are united to one another by laws of cause and effect, not less certain in their operation than the laws of nature herself; and both these revolutions belong to an inexorable chain of events which embraces the last sixty years of the history of the French people. We can draw little distinction in principle between the overthrow of the charter of 1830 by the violence of the people, and the overthrow of the constitution of 1848 by the violence of the president and the army. In both cases the ministers of Louis Philippe and the leaders of the National Assembly stood upon the ground of legality; but they had allowed that ground to be undermined by their own political blunders, and they wanted force, foresight, or resolution to defend it against attack in the hour of danger. But there the parallel must cease. History will not confound the parliamentary history of France from 1830 to 1848, which with all its defects was the freest,

ablest, and most prosperous government the people have ever enjoyed, with that republican caricature of 1848 of which it can only be said that its days were few and evil.

When the popular blow of 1848 consigned France for a time to the provisional junta of the Hotel de Ville, the lectures of Louis Blanc, the circulars of Ledru Rollin, and the constitution of M. Marrast, she was not only deprived of a government, specious at least, though not strong, but she was condemned to undergo an experiment absolutely opposed to her genius and her predilections. The universal remark of all impartial spectators was at that time that the plan for converting France into a democratic republic, and for ruling her on the principles of that form of government, was a preposterous delusion. Fear and surprise had indeed extorted from her a timid acquiescence in institutions she abhorred; but the old conservative element still predominated in her first constituent Assembly, and in her election of a president the republican candidate was discarded by an instinctive adherence to the traditions of monarchy in the person of the representative of the imperial government. All the causes which had rendered parliamentary government unpopular under Louis Philippe were still in operation against the parliamentary powers of the National Assembly. The Chamber of Deputies was factious and turbulent, the National Assembly exhibited the same scandalous scenes in a higher degree; the Chamber of Deputies was called corrupt; the National Assembly was degraded by the reception of a regular stipend; the Chamber of Deputies was elected by too narrow a constituency, but the National Assembly, chosen by universal suffrage, had repudiated and restricted the principle of its own existence. Both institutions had fallen in practice far below the theory they professed to represent; and they brought not only themselves, but all parliamentary government, into contempt.

While such was the political tendency of the country, its social condition and its peculiar institutions were continually aggravating the mischief; and this disease was the more incurable because the French statesmen, who deplored and dreaded the approach of fresh revolutions, nevertheless clung with tenacious infatuation to the very causes which rendered such changes inevitable. The experiment of a constitutional monarchy failed partly, in our opinion, from the weakness or obliteration of the aristocratic element; and the passion for equality proved on this, as on many other occasions, fatal to the cause of liberty. This evil was of course increased by the revolution of 1830, which destroyed the hereditary principle in the house of peers and in the crown, and left the government to contend, by its administrative and military forces alone, against the sullen hostility of the highest classes and the occasional outbreaks of the lowest. The laws for the division of property, and that jealousy of superiority in any form, which seems to have fastened like a second nature upon the French national character, were perpetually dissolving those elements of society upon which the monarchy had found a temporary support; and, when the end came, a slight and abrupt shock sufficed to lay the factitious structure in ruins. In other words, the principles of the French Revolution of 1789, which have now had time to modify the character, the civil laws, and the social condition of the nation, had given birth to a state of things scarcely compatible with the maintenance

of constitutional monarchy, even under the direction of a sagacious king and able ministers, who believed in the form of government they were laboring to establish.

The monarchy fell, and the authors of its ruin, astonished by their own success, proceeded to proclaim the doctrines of the democratic republic. Now, at least, said they, the country will not be defrauded of its rights or disgusted by the fictions and privileges of class government. Universal suffrage will settle every question, and the principles of the French Revolution will at length extend their beneficent influence over mankind. But they forgot that the machinery of administrative centralization by which these successive tricks had been performed and imposed on the country is absolutely fatal to the habits of self-government and local independence, which are the essential conditions, not only of democracy, but of all genuine freedom. Universal suffrage proved so far a mockery that the only thing the people seemed disposed to vote for, with any confidence or unanimity, was their own subjection to a new master; and it is probable that they will repeat that expression of their opinion on the 20th of December, to a considerable extent, even after they have witnessed the late scenes of unconscionable oppression, and learned that this new power holds no engagements sacred which interfere with its personal objects. But, whatever the real disposition of the people might be, or might become, it is certain that the immense standing army of France can throw a decisive weight into the scale, partly by actual repression and martial law—far more by the terror such constraint inspires; and that, after having exhausted this long series of mock liberties, unrespected rights, and frail institutions, the army and its chief, for the time being, are regarded as the only symbol of that repose towards which the weary frame and the distracted gaze of mankind are constantly directed. The whole chain of these events is bound together by the laws of logical necessity, and those who substituted for the charter of the monarchy a chimerical republic, with a constitution so contrived that it absolutely prohibited the correction of its own defects, did in fact leave the nation at the mercy of the first man who should have the audacity to cut the knot and substitute unlimited military despotism for the institutions he had sworn to maintain. The democratic revolution of 1848 contained the germ of the military revolution of 1851; but the cycle of illegality and reaction does not end there. All the political institutions of the last sixty years have been raised and struck down upon a soil so shaken by revolutions and so unstable from democratic passions, that it appears incapable of supporting any permanent dominion but that of the army.

The writers who support Louis Napoleon boast that his power rests upon the twofold sanction of the *vote* and the *sword*—in other words, the numerical strength of the peasantry and the populace and the armed strength of the regular troops. The one and the other are in France favorable to absolutism. For, though freedom may, in some happy lands, be dear to the masses of the people, its boldest champions are generally to be found in the ranks of men independent by their position, and cultivated by their intelligence. If these be wanting, history is replete with examples, from the Roman empire to the present day, that absolute governments find it by no means an impracticable task to win over the interests and conciliate the tastes of the lower

orders in society, though they cast an intolerable burden on those higher in capacity and in station. Government by "the vote and the sword" means the combination of a democratic society with absolute military power—the repressive force of the latter being in the exact ratio to the elements of dissolution in the former; and, as it had long ago been observed by the most profound writer on democratic institutions, the administration of such a government, in such a country as France, will, probably, be the most complete, universal, omnipresent, and uncontrolled despotism that Europe has ever beheld.

If these remarks are well founded, as we believe them to be, both in the past history and future prospects of France, we need scarcely dwell upon the lesson that such truths afford to the rest of the world. They exhibit the destructive consequences of violent revolutions in the course of national government. They prove the folly of the attempt to rule mankind by empty words and sham liberties, which have no reality but in the enthusiasm of their inventors or the credulity of the people. And they demonstrate, by another striking example, that when a nation has arrived at this stage of decline, and has had recourse to unmixed democratic government for its revival, it requires no extraordinary eminence or ability to complete its subjugation, and to transform the broken links of a constitution into the chains of military servitude.

London, Thursday, December 11, 1851.

One obvious remark is suggested by the accounts of violence and oppression which continue to reach us day by day from France. If the government which Louis Napoleon is attempting to found is to be based on the will of the people and the assent of public opinion, how comes it that everything which can represent or express that opinion with any sort of independence or freedom is stifled and annihilated? That such a government will prevail, partly by the fears excited by its own terrorism and partly by the counter-fears excited by one class of its bitterest adversaries, is probable. But fear is the very opposite of a deliberate acceptance, of willing allegiance, or of enthusiastic confidence. If the people were really disposed spontaneously to place unlimited power in the hands of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, would it be necessary to drive and cudgel them like beasts to the slaughter-house? If the voice of the nation was only waiting an opportunity to hail with acclamation the accession of another consul or emperor, how comes it that every organ of public opinion is prohibited from the expression of political sentiments, and that, except the hired scribes of the Elysée, not a man in France has yet put his name to an article in support of the president and his claims? Would a man seize like a ravisher what he could hope to obtain by more honorable means? And are not the extravagant measures of restraint enforced against men of every class and of the highest character a demonstrative proof that the government, unable to command their support, is at least resolved to overpower their resistance?

In another part of our impression will be found a striking and authentic account of the proceedings which accompanied the suppression of the Assembly on the 2d inst., from the pen of one to whose position the present perilous state of every man of honor and eminence in France forbids us altogether to allude. But our correspondent is in error if he

and others have been led to imagine, by garbled publications in Paris, that the press or the public opinion of England are indifferent to the establishment of a tyranny so strange and unexampled in our age that we can find no parallel to it save among the military dictatorships of the South American republics. Yet this narrative, which describes with the grave moderation of history the opening scene of this disastrous conflict between force and law, leaves untold the ever-increasing acts of violence that we learn from the official proclamations of the government. In one of these documents the army is told that the massacre of its fellow-citizens, many of whom were wholly unarmed and incapable of resistance, or who were living in the sanctuary of their homes, is to be reckoned among the glorious days of its military existence, and it is announced that this period of savage warfare in the heart of Paris is to be reckoned to the troops as a campaign against a foreign enemy.

The introduction and abuse of force has been literally universal, except when the dread of force served as well. Admitting even the necessity of a *coup d'état* for the sake of argument, and that to prevent worse evils it was expedient to place a certain number of political personages under temporary arrest, would even this concession palliate wholesale measures extending to the whole country, including the indiscriminate seizure of men in every class of society, and the proscription of all that hesitates to bow down to the new government? Men of excellent character and station, usually unconnected with politics, are spirited away by the police for a mere intimation of their dissent from these proceedings. The Chamber of Commerce at Havre has been threatened with military dissolution because it does not, apparently, participate in the alleged enthusiasm of the nation. Suspicion denounces and seizes its victims, for, in a word, some of the worst men in the French nation are masters, not only of the best, but of the whole.

We know the fate of the press; we know the amount of personal freedom enjoyed by French citizens; but, to complete the picture, justice itself is superseded, and even the criminal law of the country modified by presidential decrees. The Court of Cassation, as our correspondent relates, fell gloriously in a last effort to maintain the dignity of the bench and the authority of the law. But the time is long since past when, as in 1834, the military tribunals bent before that power. On the contrary, they are now supreme; and, indeed, what other tribunals are fit to administer laws that make attendance on a public meeting an offence of high treason? The French criminal code recognizes what is termed the surveillance of the police as a kind of corollary or appendage to the higher grades of secondary punishment, and in some cases the domicile of liberated offenders was fixed by the police, and a departure from that domicile made punishable by imprisonment. A decree, dated the 9th of December, provides that any individual so situated may be transported to Algeria or Cayenne for a period of not less than five years or more than ten for a breach of this police regulation, and that the same measure is applicable to all persons found guilty of having belonged (not merely of belonging) to a secret society. So that liberated offenders, who may now be living under surveillance after the expiration of their punishment, are actually subjected *ex post facto* to a material aggravation of their original sentence, and in their company any

man who has belonged to a secret society, 'or may be held to have belonged to one, is to be despatched for a period of from five to ten years to the swamps of Sinnamary or the sands of Africa, and this by virtue of no law at all, but solely by the will of Louis Napoleon, executed by his courts-martial.

Whatever others may think of these measures, which will assign to the names of M. de Moray and General St. Arnaud an unenviable proximity to the Fouchés and Savarys of imperial history, few have dared to express any adverse opinion. We notice, therefore, with the more satisfaction, one creditable exception in the form of a letter of remonstrance addressed to his nephew by old Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, and now Governor of the Invalides. The purport of this letter, written during the bloody conflict of the 4th of December, was to conjure Louis Napoleon not to abandon constitutional government altogether, and to convoke another Constituent Assembly from the nation, instead of relying solely on his personal will, supported by hosts of armed men. Had this advice been followed even then, it would have considerably modified the strong opinion we entertain on this transaction; but it was scornfully rejected, and, far from adopting any mitigation since the success of his measures, the president continues to add one arbitrary step to another, as if it were impossible to recede in the direction of humanity and justice. It is impossible to recede, for powers founded upon force can only subsist by force. We cannot foresee when these severe measures will be relaxed, for some of them are of a permanent character, and the people, exhausted as it is, might still turn against the iron that brands it. They will, therefore, be maintained until either the machine explodes from excessive pressure, or the nation has acquiesced in a government which shows that, in the words of its own proclamations, "it will recoil from no measures" necessary to the establishment of its authority.

London, Friday, December 12, 1851.

We must not, it seems, grudge to Louis Napoleon the suffrage—*valet quantum*—of Sir Francis Bond Head, and we publish in another column a letter in which that very chivalrous and eccentric baronet pronounces decidedly in the dictator's favor. It is not for us to inquire by what process an English gentleman, who may be assumed to have some preference for freedom and truth in his own country, should have satisfied himself that France is to be best governed by a system of open violence and unblushing mendacity. All the facts—if so they can be called—on which Sir F. B. Head affects to rely, are notorious inventions of the new government or its supporters. We can hardly imagine that he still believes any "guilt" can be substantiated against General Changarnier, or that any attempt will ever be made to establish judicially the existence of the conspiracy which served as the pretence for the arrest of that officer and his colleagues. If any evidence of such a conspiracy had existed, it is evident that criminal proceedings would already have been commenced against these generals. But the charge seems to be dropped even by the organs of the French government; and, if any further proof be needed, we confidently adduce the testimony of the narrative we published yesterday—a narrative which virtually conveys the opinions and declarations of at least two hundred and thirty of the first men in France. The statement that General Changarnier once contemplated the invasion of England, "for

the purpose of forcing upon its inhabitants a republic," rests, we believe, on no better authority than a loose assertion of M. Emile de Girardin; but, if Sir Francis B. Head will favor us with any further proof of this allegation, we shall be indebted to him. To us it does not occasion the smallest surprise that General Changarnier or any other general or officer of the French army should have speculated on the chances of invading this island; and, if we remember rightly, a certain book appeared not many months ago, in which Sir Francis B. Head undertook to convince the young ladies and the old ladies of England that the probability of such an invasion is much greater than was commonly supposed till that work was written. But we venture to affirm that no bubble was ever blown by "an Old Man from the Brunnen" of revolutions more flimsy and noxious than this discovery that France has just ceased to be formidable since she has passed into the hands of a military government. Before this revolution we had the security derived from the character of a civil government which had respected its engagements and which obeyed the laws. We knew that the constitutional or republican administrations of France could not easily be plunged into hostilities or military adventures by the ambition or caprice of a single man. She had her Joinvilles and her Lamoricières, but their fretful disposition was controlled by the sounder influence of parliamentary statesmen. Two important changes have, however, now occurred in the state of France with reference to foreign nations: the whole power of her government and her enormous military resources have passed under the absolute control of a single ruler, acting in concert with the most daring and unscrupulous of the African generals—men in comparison with whom Changarnier and Cavaignac are models of forbearance and honor; and, secondly, this extraordinary power has been acquired by means which indicate a total absence of moral principle, a reckless disregard of legal obligations, a skilful direction of sudden strokes in war, and an ambition the more formidable because it is slow in the pursuit of its objects, but rapid in the final execution of them. Sir Francis B. Head will hardly persuade the people of England that these facts are additional guarantees of peace, because it pleases him to tack to the name of Louis Napoleon a string of ironical epithets. This "mild and benevolent" ruler has just shed the blood of hundreds, and probably thousands of French citizens; and the troops were ordered to select by preference as their victims persons of the class least akin to socialist insurgents. This "just and bold" statesman stole upon his parliamentary opponents like a thief in the night, and sent his soldiers, excited by gratuities, and led by policemen, to attack the unarmed defenders of the constitution he had most solemnly sworn before God and man to observe. This "honest and highminded" personage has established a government even more remarkable for its mendacity than for its violence. We read, for instance, in the *Patrie* of the 6th of December, the following paragraph, which deserves to be textually quoted:—

"Tous les journaux Anglais sont d'accord pour reconnaître l'urgence des mesures prises par le président de la république, et ils donnent la plus entière adhésion à sa politique." On the same day the correspondents of two English journals were threatened with expulsion from Paris. Hundreds of similar instances could be quoted; and

these are deeds of what Sir Francis B. Head considers an "honest and high-minded government."

For ourselves, after the experience we have now had and the certainty we have now acquired that Louis Napoleon and his government are restrained in their course by no earthly consideration of law and duty, we must confess that our confidence in his future conduct is extinct. As long as he remained within the bounds of the law, far from offering him any opposition, we were disposed to view his struggle against a factious Assembly with favor, and we have only reason to regret that he has acted with less integrity than we then gave him credit for. We still hope that he will consider it his interest to maintain amicable relations with the British government, and that he will not add the horrors of foreign war to the evils which already afflict his country. It is not improbable that his natural jealousy of any brilliant military achievements accomplished by other leaders of an army not under his own command will deter him from engaging in war; and it certainly is the duty of the British government and nation not to allow the opinions they must entertain of his actions in France to alter or impair the international relations of the Western States of Europe. We have uniformly advocated the principle that our relations with foreign states are not to be made dependent on the internal policy of their governments; and the present policy of the government of France is no just cause of animosity or interference on our part, any more than the policy of the governments of Austria, or Prussia, or Naples, to which it is as nearly allied as a state of illegal violence can be to a state of legalized oppression. But, though we acknowledge, and shall respect these rules of international policy, and we think that the government is right in all cases to adhere to them, we cannot modify opinions founded on historical truths, and we cannot resuscitate a confidence which has died so violent a death. Least of all can we understand that an Englishman and an officer, who blew the trumpet of alarm when the aspect of France was comparatively pacific, should derive confidence in the temper and good faith of the French government from what is now passing there, and should lay aside his defensive armor, because the absolute ruler of France is called Bonaparte and the minister of war St. Arnaud. If such language be seriously used, it seems to us to indicate a degree of credulity we should not have expected even in Sir Francis B. Head, or an absence of fixed principles, of which we should be still more unwilling to accuse him.

Mr. Burke once observed, in a comparison between the French republic of 1791 and the government of Algiers, that Algiers was weak, and Algiers was far off, and therefore gave him very little uneasiness; but that if Algiers had come to Calais he should think very differently of the matter. This seems to be precisely the event which has now occurred, and that in a more literal sense than even the prophetic gifts of Mr. Burke could have foretold. Algiers is at Calais; and it becomes us not to cherish vague illusions about the virtues of a government known as yet only by its violences, but to adopt a line of conduct towards it conciliatory, though not confiding, being equally prepared for any other issue. Sir Francis B. Head gives Louis Napoleon credit for doing all in his power to maintain amicable relations with Great Britain, and we have cordially recognized the same disposition on the part of the president whenever we could. It is probably to this consideration that his policy owes

whatever indulgence it has met with here; and people seem even to have forgotten that about eighteen months ago the French ambassador was withdrawn, upon a very slight and indirect provocation, by his orders from London. We sincerely desire, however, the continuance of such dispositions on his part, and we shall then be ready to acquiesce in his foreign policy, whatever we may think of the origin of his power.

But, two general reflections force themselves upon the mind and cloud with doubt even the rose-colored "Bubbles" of Sir Francis B. Head. It can hardly be questioned that the recent measures of the president have met with entire approval in that powerful combination of absolute governments which now extends from St. Petersburg to the Rhine, the Danube, and the kingdom of Naples. The destruction of constitutional law, the failure of republican government, and the ascendancy of military power, are perfectly consistent with the doctrines which prevail over that large portion of the continent. Hitherto Lord Palmerston has not been considered an ardent adherent of this system, and we have yet to learn whether the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December has, among other wonders, effected his conversion. But, at any rate, Lord Palmerston is too sagacious not to perceive that a political combination, on the principles of common repression, between France and all the other military governments of the continent from which we are unhappily estranged, is an event pregnant with evil to the influence and security of Britain. A second reflection of equal moment is that, when Louis Napoleon has accomplished his mission of "tranquillizing France," two necessities will press upon him—to employ the energy and reward the devotion of an enormous army, and to gratify the national passions of a people whom he has deprived of its national rights. We abstain at present from enlarging, as we might do, on these topics, but we recommend them to the most serious consideration of the English nation; and, above all, we conjure our countrymen not to allow a false confidence in a man, whose character ought now to be clearly known by them, either to relax their adherence to principles which can never be violated with impunity, or to lull their vigilance for the protection of England against such contingencies as may by possibility occur.

SINCE the day that Columbus set foot on a new world, America has been the land of promise and of hope to all who found Europe a house of bondage. Thither the refugees of politics, of religion, of commerce, and of fortune, have fled for ten generations, preferring a clear field to a barren struggle. Whenever the heart sickened at the thought of tyranny or prejudice, it has always occurred that beyond the western wave there lay a vast continent, with many a hardy settler and many a rising city, that offered a last resource for the expatriated virtues, and that, if need be, might one day turn the tables, with overwhelming odds, against the old "hills of the robbers," and the strongholds of ancient oppression. The old age of the world was on one side, but its youth was on the other, and a new spring of civilization had still to blossom and bear fruit upon a free soil. How far those anticipations have been fulfilled it is needless to say to a nation which beholds itself well-nigh outnumbered by its offspring across the Atlantic. Whatever has been denied us in this part of the world—that extension of territory, that pre-

dominance in European councils, that influence over politics or customs, which might appear due to our industry and power, has been given us a hundredfold in America. Checkered as our fortunes are in all parts of the world, and not the least in the newest, we may yet see there the reward of many toils and the consolation of many regrets. Yet at no time, for the last three centuries and a-half, has America worn so youthful and promising an aspect to this country as at this moment; never has it appeared so much in the light of a friend in need, a land of refuge, and our destined partner in many labors and many triumphs. Could we suppose these islands suddenly planted in the midst of the Atlantic, or the opposite shores suddenly drawn nearer by some thousand miles; or could we imagine some yet stranger caprice of fortune restoring the United States to the dependence they renounced three quarters of a century since, that would hardly express so great an approximation, and so great a convergence of interests, as what we now see brought about by more ordinary methods. This is the splendid theme of Mr. Walker's address at Manchester. It has often been the place or the ambition of statesmen to urge the coöperation of different states, for the purposes of defence or aggression, for the protection of their hearths and their altars, or for the conquest of the world; and, fortunately, there have never been wanting reasons why any two nations should love one another; but there never was shown so sound a cause for amity and mutual assistance, for community of interests and unity of action, as it has been Mr. Walker's good fortune to proclaim. It is his good fortune, because he is the immediate author of the measure which constitutes the principal advance on the American side towards this happy reunion; and because he is able to discern the signs of the coming times.

On a former occasion, Mr. Walker described the nothing less than marvellous results of the free-trade tariff of 1846, in the internal improvement as well as the foreign trade of the United States. On this occasion he has added some facts, showing the very great share which we obtained in these results. He very properly and very gracefully treats the new American tariff, and the repeal of the British corn laws, in the same year, as parts of one great sympathetic policy, and proves their mutual benefit. If American commerce has increased beyond all former example or ratio since 1846—if the foreign ships in her ports have increased in nearly equal proportion, and if there has been the same increase in the value of the exports and imports, and the number of the sailors employed, England has had her full share in this new tide of prosperity, and neither country has flourished to the prejudice, or even much in excess, of the other. As a matter of politeness rather than necessity, Mr. Walker explains to some singularly puzzle-headed people that when he lately compared the progress of American prosperity in the period from 1842 to 1846 with that of the interval from 1846 to the present day, he was in so doing comparing the operations of two tariffs, whereof the tariff of 1846, now in operation, is much more liberal than its predecessor. It is true that the existing tariff, so far as it imposes any duty whatever on the importation of articles which are also manufactured in the United States, has a protective tendency, but the difference between the two tariffs compared by Mr. Walker is, that the existing tariff is happily much less protective than its predecessor.

The old tariff pressed very heavily on those articles in a low stage of manufacture, in which the domestic American manufacturers are best able to compete with us; and on those articles the average of the present tariff is twenty-six per cent., in place of the average eighty-eight per cent. of 1842. However, it may be as well to let every citizen in the Union know that the British protectionists consider the present American tariff highly protective, and are endeavoring to found on it an argument for putting a high duty on American produce.

But we believe we may now take for granted that on both sides of the Atlantic every effort will be made to clear away all obstacles in the channel of trade. In three or four years the United States, having paid every dollar of the federal debt, will be able to reduce their tariff from an average of twenty-six to an average of ten to fifteen per cent. We have only to trust that no national provocation or costly ambition will again throw the Union into debt; and on our side we trust that we shall be able to retrench and remit. Of course the United States must have revenue, and we are all aware that in their case it is next to impossible to get a sufficient revenue, except through the Customs. But we also must have a revenue, for, instead of two or three years, it will be as many centuries before we can shake off our Old Man of the Sea. Mr. Walker looks wistfully at our tobacco duties. Could we not reduce them? It would immensely extend the consumption of our manufactures. But, as the United States are compelled to get their revenue by Customs, so we, too, are compelled to get our revenue chiefly by duties upon luxurious and less necessary commodities of life. There is no help for it. There is nothing less necessary than tobacco; and, judging by the majority of those who smoke, chew, or snuff up tobacco, there is nothing which contributes so little to the strength, health and efficiency of the consumers—that is, to their industrial power and their value in the system of society. Certainly there are other duties that have at least an equal claim to reduction.

Beyond the operation of tariffs and financial disputes Mr. Walker casts a prophetic eye at the great conflict between military absolutism and constitutional government, which every day assumes a more serious aspect, which every day draws nearer to this island, and which will one day divide the whole world. It is not for nothing that we possess a position giving us between the new and the old world a stepping-stone from the old to the new, and an outpost of the new in the old. It is not for nothing that a gigantic state is fast growing up in the new world, inheriting from us the principles of constitutional freedom, somewhat modified to its peculiar circumstances. There are no two states in the whole world, and never have been, so bound to one another, so mutually beneficial, and so able to work together, as the British empire and the United States. At present it seems impossible but that the whole of the continent of Europe should fall into the hands of military despots; it seems equally impossible that we, with our American brethren, should lose our institutions or our enthusiasm for liberty. Here, then, are the two parties in the great cause that threatens to divide and convulse the whole world. What will be required of us? What attempts will be made on us? What crusades ought we spontaneously to undertake? What assistance in any case are we to expect from America? For our islands we have no fear. Des-

potism is great on land, but impotent and craven on the sea. Wherever our ships can go, there we have no compeer. As on the former occasion referred to by Mr. Walker, we can protect the New World from the tyrannies of the Old. What, then, remains to be done? Are we expected to land on the continent of Europe, and fight single-handed with four huge military monarchies, mustering two or three millions of armed men? What degree of assistance are we to expect from America in marching into the centre of Europe? None, we should think. However, there are many things to be considered. A hundred years ago what was Russia? A hundred years hence what will be the United States? An empire, with not far short of two hundred million souls. Should anything happen to us—should we ever be exposed to unmerited indignity and oppression, and our services to Europe be forgotten, we have only to pray *Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*, and that the prayer will one day bring across, on occasion, the messengers of a state that can apply to its purpose the resources of a continent and two oceans.

From the Times, 10th Dec., 1851.

A NARRATIVE BY A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

THE following narrative of the events which accompanied the dissolution of the National Assembly of France is from the pen of a member of that body, whose name, in the present state of that country, it is of course impossible to disclose. But we submit this important document to the judgment of the world, with entire reliance on the strict accuracy of every detail which it contains. These particulars are now first published by us in an authentic form, as no means any longer exist in France of bringing the truth to the knowledge of the public. The opinions are those of the writer; the facts belong to the history of these times:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR—The opinion expressed by certain organs of the English press on the events which have just occurred in France has caused a painful surprise to men, who, like myself, preserve a steadfast attachment to the principles of regulated liberty, and a fixed respect for legality. We are grieved to remark the purpose to which these observations of a portion of the English press are turned by the new government, and that any English writers should seem to applaud what all honest Frenchmen condemn. It is for this reason that, as a witness of these events, I wish to make them known to you in all sincerity, convinced as I am that when Englishmen approve violence and oppression, it is only because the truth is not yet before them. Permit me to offer some general reflections before entering into details.

Louis Napoleon, in order to endeavor to palliate in France and abroad the audacious violation of the laws which he has just committed, has caused a report to be circulated that he only anticipated the hostile measures of the Assembly, which was conspiring against himself, and that if he had not struck that body it would have struck him. This sort of defence is no novelty to us in France. All our revolutionists have used it these sixty years. The members of the Convention, who sent each other to

the scaffold, invariably treated their adversaries as conspirators. But in the present instance this accusation, as far as the majority of the Assembly is concerned, is without a pretext, and can only pass current among strangers ignorant of the true course of events.

No doubt history will have weighty charges to bring against the Legislative Assembly which has just been illegally and violently dissolved. The parties of which that Assembly was composed failed to come to an understanding; this gave to the whole body an uncertain and sometimes contradictory policy, and finally discredited the Assembly and rendered it incapable of defending either liberty or its own existence. History will record thus much; but history will reject with contempt the accusation which Louis Napoleon has preferred against us. If you do not believe my assurances, judge at least by the facts—not the secret facts which I could disclose to you, but the public facts printed in the *Moniteur*.

In the month of August last the Assembly voted the revision of the constitution by an immense majority. Why was the revision of the constitution desired? Simply to legalize the reflection of Louis Napoleon. Was that an act of conspiracy against him?

The Assembly prorogued itself soon after this vote; the *Conseils Généraux*, convoked immediately afterwards, and principally consisting of representatives, also expressed an almost unanimous desire for the revision of the constitution. Was that an act of conspiracy against Louis Napoleon?

The Assembly met again on the 4th of November. There was an electoral law—that of the 31st of May—which the great majority of the Assembly had voted. This law was unpopular, and to catch the favor of the people Louis Napoleon, who had been the first to propose and sanction the law of the 31st of May the year before, demands its abrogation, and proposes another law in a message insulting to the Assembly. The new electoral law proposed by him was, indeed, rejected, but by a majority of only two votes, and immediately afterwards the chamber proceeded, in order to comply with the president's policy, to adopt in another form most of the changes he had proposed. Was that an act of conspiracy against Louis Napoleon?

Shortly afterwards a proposition was made by the questors to enable us to place the parliament in a state of defence, if attacked, and to call troops directly to our assistance. This proposition was, as nobody can deny, in strict conformity with the constitution, and all that the proposed resolution did was to define the means of exercising a power which the Assembly incontestably possessed. Nevertheless, from fear of a collision with the executive power, the legislature dared not assert this incontestable right. The proposition of the questors was rejected by a large majority. Was that an act of conspiracy against Louis Napoleon? What! the Assembly was conspiring, and it renounced the command of the troops which might have defended it, and made them over to the man who was compassing its ruin! And when did these things happen? A fortnight ago.

Lastly, a bill on the responsibility of the president and the different officers of state was sent up to the Assembly by the *Conseil d'Etat*. Observe, that this proposition did not emanate from the Assembly, that the Assembly had no right, by law, to refuse to entertain it. The bill was, therefore, brought up, but the committee to which it was referred

showed at once that its disposition was conciliatory. The provisions of the bill were rendered more mild, and the discussion was to be deferred, in order to avoid the displeasure of the executive power. Were these the actions of enemies and conspirators? And what was happening in the mean while? All the journals notoriously paid by the president insulted the Assembly day by day in the coarsest manner, threatened it, and tried by every means to cover it with unpopularity.

This is history—the truth of history. The acts of which I speak are the last of the National Assembly of France, and I defy our adversaries to find any other fact to oppose to them. That an Assembly of seven hundred and fifty members may have included in that number certain conspirators, it would be absurd to deny. But the manifest truth, proved by its acts, is that the majority of this Assembly, instead of conspiring against Louis Napoleon, sought for nothing so much as to avoid a quarrel with him; that it carried its moderation towards him to the verge of weakness, and its desire of conciliation to a degree of pusillanimity. That is the truth. You may believe my assertions, for I participated in none of the passions of its parties, and I have no reason either to flatter or to hate them.

Let us now proceed to examine what the Assembly did on the 2d December; and here I cease to express any opinion—I merely relate, as an actual witness, the things I saw with my eyes and heard with my ears. When the representatives of the people learned, on waking that morning, that several of their colleagues were arrested, they ran to the Assembly. The doors were guarded by the Chasseurs de Vincennes, a corps of troops recently returned from Africa, and long accustomed to the violences of Algerine dominion, who, moreover, were stimulated by a donation of 5*f.* distributed to every soldier who was in Paris that day. The representatives nevertheless presented themselves to go in, having at their head one of their vice-presidents, M. Daru. This gentleman was violently struck by the soldiers, and the representatives who accompanied him were driven back at the point of the bayonet. Three of them, M. de Talbouet, Etienne, and Dupare were slightly wounded. Several others had their clothes pierced. Such was the commencement.

Driven from the doors of the Assembly, the deputies retired to the Mairie of the 10th arrondissement. They were already assembled to the number of about three hundred, when the troops arrived, blocked up the approaches, and prevented a greater number of representatives from entering the apartment, though no one was at that time prevented from leaving it. Who, then, were these representatives assembled at the Mairie of the 10th arrondissement, and what did they do there? Every shade of opinion was represented in this extemporaneous Assembly. But eight tenths of its members belonged to the different conservative parties which had constituted the majority. This assembly was presided over by two of its vice-presidents, M. Vitet and M. Benoist d'Azy. M. Daru was arrested in his own house; the fourth vice-president, the illustrious General Bedeau, had been seized that morning in his bed and handcuffed like a robber. As for the president, M. Dupin, he was absent, which surprised no one, as his cowardice was known. Besides its vice-presidents, the Assembly was accompanied by its secretaries, its ushers, and even its shorthand writer, who will preserve for posterity the records of this last and

memorable sitting. The Assembly, thus constituted, began by voting a decree in the following terms:

In pursuance of Article 68 of the Constitution—viz: the president of the republic, the ministers, the agents, and depositaries of public authority are responsible, each in what concerns themselves respectively, for all the acts of the government and the administration—any measure by which the president of the republic dissolves the National Assembly, prorogues it, or places obstacles in the exercise of its powers, is a crime of high treason.

By this act merely the president is deprived of all authority, the citizens are bound to withhold their obedience, the executive power passes in full right to the National Assembly. The Judges of the High Court of Justice will meet immediately under pain of forfeiture; they will convoke the juries in the place which they will select to proceed to the judgment of the president and his accomplices; they will nominate the magistrates charged to fulfil the duties of public ministers.

And seeing that the National Assembly is prevented by violence from exercising its powers, it decrees as follows, viz:—

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is deprived of all authority as president of the republic. The citizens are enjoined to withhold their obedience. The executive power has passed in full right to the National Assembly. The Judges of the High Court of Justice are enjoined to meet immediately, under pain of forfeiture, to proceed to the judgment of the president and his accomplices; consequently all the officers and functionaries of power and public authority are bound to obey all requisitions made in the name of the National Assembly, under pain of forfeiture and of high treason.

Done and decreed unanimously in public sitting, this 2d of December, 1851.

(Signed)

BENOIST D'AZY, President.

VITET, Vice-President.

MOULIN, } Secretaries.

CHAPOT, }

[Here follow the names of members who signed this decree, in alphabetical order, numbering two hundred and thirty, which we omit. Among them are many familiar names, including a large portion of the most distinguished members of the Assembly. We copy a few of the names, viz.: Messrs. De Balzac, Odilon Barrot, Barthelemy St. Hilaire, Bauchoard, Gustave de Beaumont, Berryer, Bixio, Coquerel, Didier, Dufaure, Pascal Duprat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Keratry, Lanjuinais, Gen. de Lauriston, Gen. Oudinot, De Reggio, St. Beauve, Gen. de St. Priest, De Tocqueville, and Eugene Sue.]

All the members whose names I have here given were arrested. Several others, having left the room after having signed, could not be taken. Among these the best known are M. de Tracy, M. de Malleville, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, and General Rulhière.

After having voted this first decree, another was unanimously passed, naming General Oudinot commander of the public forces, and M. Tamisier was joined with him as chief of the staff. The choice of these two officers from distinct shades of political opinion showed that the Assembly was animated by one common spirit.

These decrees had scarcely been signed by all the members present, and deposited in a place of safety, when a band of soldiers, headed by their officers, sword in hand, appeared at the door, without, however, daring to enter the apartment. The Assembly awaited them in perfect silence. The president alone raised his voice, read the

decrees which had just been passed to the soldiers, and ordered them to retire. The poor fellows, ashamed of the part they were compelled to play, hesitated. The officers, pale and undecided, declared they should go for further orders. They retired, contenting themselves with blockading the passages leading to the apartment. The Assembly, not being able to go out, ordered the windows to be opened, and caused the decrees to be read to the people and the troops in the street below, especially that decree which, in pursuance of the 68th article of the constitution, pronounced the deposition and impeachment of Louis Napoleon.

Soon, however, the soldiers reappeared at the door, preceded this time by two *Commissaires de Police*. These men entered the room, and, amid the unbroken silence and total immobility of the Assembly, summoned the representatives to disperse. The president ordered them to retire themselves. One of the commissaires was agitated, and faltered; the other broke out in invectives. The president said to him, "Sir, we are here the lawful authority, and sole representatives of law and of right. We know that we cannot oppose to you material force, but we will only leave this chamber under constraint. We will not disperse. Seize us, and convey us to prison." "All, all," exclaimed the members of the Assembly. After much hesitation, the *Commissaires de Police* decided to act. They caused the two presidents to be seized by the collar. The whole body then rose, and, arm-in-arm, two-and-two, they followed the presidents, who were led off. In this order we reached the street, and were marched across the city, without knowing whither we were going.

Care had been taken to circulate a report among the crowd and the troops that a meeting of Socialist and Red Republican deputies had been arrested. But when the people beheld, among those who were thus dragged through the mud of Paris on foot, like a gang of malefactors, men the most illustrious by their talents and their virtues, ex-ministers, ex-ambassadors, generals, admirals, great orators, great writers, surrounded by the bayonets of the line, a shout was raised, "*Vive l'Assemblée Nationale*." The representatives were attended by these shouts until they reached the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay, where they were shut up. Night was coming on, and it was wet and cold. Yet the Assembly was left two hours in the open air, as if the government did not deign to remember its existence. The representatives here made their last roll-call in presence of their short-hand writer, who had followed them. The number present was two hundred and eighteen, to whom were added about twenty more in the course of the evening, consisting of members who had voluntarily caused themselves to be arrested. Almost all the men known to France and to Europe who formed the majority of the Legislative Assembly were gathered together in this place. Few were wanting, except those who, like M. Mole, had not been suffered to reach their colleagues. There were present, among others, the Duke de Broglie, who had come, though ill; the father of the house, the venerable Keratry, whose physical strength was inferior to his moral courage, and whom it was necessary to seat on a straw chair in the barrack-yard; Odilon Barrot, Dufaure, Berryer, Remusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Gustave de Beaumont, de Tocqueville, de Falloux, Lanjuinais, Admiral Lane and Admiral Cecille, Generals Oudinot and Lauriston, the Duke de Luynes, the Duke de Montebello; twelve ex-

ministers, nine of whom had served under Louis Napoleon himself; eight members of the Institute; all men who had struggled for three years to defend society and to resist the demagogic faction.

When two hours had elapsed, this assemblage was driven into barrack-rooms up-stairs, where most of them spent the night, without fire, and almost without food, stretched upon the boards. It only remained to carry off to prison these honorable men, guilty of no crime but the defence of the laws of their country. For this purpose the most distressing and ignominious means were selected. The cellular vans in which *forcats* are conveyed to the *bagne* were brought up. In these vehicles were shut up the men who had served and honored their country, and they were conveyed like three bands of criminals, some to the fortress of Mont Valerien, some to the Prison Mazas in Paris, and the remainder to Vincennes. The indignation of the public compelled the government, two days afterwards, to release the greater number of them; some are still in confinement, unable to obtain either their liberty or their trial.

The treatment inflicted on the generals arrested in the morning of the 2d December, was still more disgraceful. Cavaignac, Lamoriciere, Bedeau, Changarnier—the conquerors of Africa, were shut up in these infamous cellular vans, which are always inconvenient, and become almost intolerable on a lengthened journey. In this manner they were conveyed to Ham—that is, they were made to perform upwards of a day's journey. Cavaignac, who had saved Paris and France in the days of June—Cavaignac, the competitor of Louis Napoleon at the last elections, shut up for a day and a night in the cell of a felon! I leave it to every honest man and every generous heart to comment on such facts. Can it be that indignities which surpass the actions of the King of Naples find a defender in England? No; England knows but a small portion of what is taking place. I appeal to her better judgment when these facts are known to the world.

Such are the indignities offered to persons. Let me now review the series of general crimes. The liberty of the press is destroyed to an extent unheard of even in the time of the empire. Most of the journals are suppressed, those which appear cannot say a word on politics or even publish any news. But this is by no means all. The government has stuck up a list of persons who are formed into a "Consultative Commission." Its object is to induce France to believe that the executive is not abandoned by every man of respectability and consideration among us. More than half the persons on this list have refused to belong to the commission; most of them regard the insertion of their names as dishonor. I may quote among others M. Leon Faucher, M. Portalis, first president of the Court of Cassation, and the Duke of Albufera, as those best known. Not only does the government decline to publish the letters in which these gentlemen refuse their consent, but even their names are not withdrawn from a list which dishonors them. The names are still retained, in spite of their repeated remonstrances. A day or two ago one of them, M. Joseph Perier, driven to desperation by this excess of tyranny, rushed into the street to strike out his own name with his own hands from the public placards, taking the passers-by to witness that it had been placed there by a lie.

Such is the state of the public journals. Let us now see the condition of personal liberty. I say,

again, that personal liberty is more trampled on than ever it was in the time of the empire. A decree of the new power gives the prefects the right to arrest, in their respective departments, whomsoever they please; and the prefects, in their turn, send blank warrants of arrest, which are literally *lettres de cachet*, to the sous-prefets under their orders. The Provisional Government of the republic never went so far. Human life is as little respected as human liberty. I know that war has its dreadful necessities, but the disturbances which have recently occurred in Paris have been put down with a barbarity unprecedented in our civil contests; and when we remember that this torrent of blood has been shed to consummate the violation of all laws, we cannot but think that sooner or later it will fall back upon the heads of those who shed it. As for the appeal to the people, to which Louis Napoleon affects to submit his claims, never was a more odious mockery offered to a nation. The people is called upon to express its opinion, yet not only is public discussion suppressed, but even the knowledge of facts. The people is asked its opinion, but the first measure taken to obtain it is to establish military terrorism throughout the country, and to threaten with deprivation every public agent who does not approve in writing what has been done.

Such, sir, is the condition in which we stand. Force overturning law, trampling on the liberty of the press and of the person, deriding the popular will, in whose name the government pretends to act—France torn from the alliance of free nations to be yoked to the despotic monarchies of the continent—such is the result of this *coup d'état*. If the judgment of the people of England could approve these military saturnalia, and if the facts I have related, and which I pledge myself are accurately true, did not rouse its censures, I should mourn for you and for ourselves, and for the sacred cause of legal liberty throughout the world; for the public opinion of England is the grand jury of mankind in the cause of freedom, and if its verdict were to acquit the oppressor the oppressed would have no other resource but in God.

One word more, to record a fact which does honor to the magistracy of France, and which will be remembered in its annals. The army refused to submit to the decree of the captive Assembly impeaching the president of the republic; but the High Court of Justice obeyed it. These five judges, sitting in the midst of Paris, enslaved, and in the face of martial law, dared to assemble at the Palace of Justice and to issue process commencing criminal proceedings against Louis Napoleon, charged with high treason by the law, though already triumphant in the streets. I subjoin the text of this memorable edict:—

The High Court of Justice,

Considering the 68th article of the constitution, considering that printed placards commencing with the words "the President of the Republic," and bearing at the end the signatures of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and De Morny, Minister of the Interior, which placards announce, among other things, the dissolution of the National Assembly, have this day been affixed to the walls of Paris; that this fact of the dissolution of the Assembly by the president of the republic would fall under the case provided for by the 68th article of the constitution, and render the convocation of the High Court of Justice imperative; by the terms of that article declares that the High Court is constituted, and names M. Renouard, counsellor

of the Court of Cassation, to fill the duties of public accuser, and to fill those of Greffier, M. Bernard, Greffier in Chief of the Court of Cassation; and to proceed further in pursuance of the terms of the said 68th article of the constitution, adjourns until tomorrow, the 3d of December, at the hour of noon.

Done and deliberated in the Council Chamber. Present, M. Hardouin, president, M. Pataille, M. Moreau, M. de la Palme, and M. Cauchy, judges, this 2d day of December, 1851.

After this textual extract from the Minutes of the High Court of Justice there is the following entry—

1. A *proces-verbal* stating the arrival of a Commissaire de Police, who called upon the High Court to separate.

2. A *proces-verbal* of a second sitting held on the morrow, the 3d day of December, (when the Assembly was in prison,) at which M. Renouard accepts the functions of public prosecutor, charged to proceed against Louis Napoleon, after which the High Court, being no longer able to sit, adjourned to a day to be fixed hereafter.

With these extracts from the judicial records I terminate this communication. * * *

From the Morning Chronicle, 11th Dec., 1851.

PERHAPS the truest, and at the same time the most hopeful, aspect of the politics of France at the present moment, is the melancholy homage which that great country is offering to the cause of order. For the sake of peace she consents to the most flagrant violation of right; she prefers order, at almost any price, to the uneasy excitement of hopes and fears; and she seems content to postpone indefinitely the course of rational progress and of moral and social reform to the terrible exigencies of the hour. We can only hope that she will, at no distant date, reap the reward of a submissive forbearance which is without historical parallel; and that the man whom circumstances have invested with a despotic control over her fortunes will—now that he has conquered in the internecine duel with his late rivals and assailants—lose no time in reestablishing the empire of law, and in giving breathing space to the hopes and aspirations of freedom.

But, looking merely at the facts of the moment, what a price it is which, as it seems, all classes in France are content to pay for a brief repose—for the present stern, emphatic pause between the fever of the past and the final rallying, or coma, whichever it shall turn out to be, of the patient—patient in every sense! It is nothing less than everything. In the grandeur of the coming success—if success it shall prove—it were immoral to disguise how much is ventured upon the last east of the die. What we see is something more than the mere cyclical succession of a military tyranny upon an "era of revolutions." A sworded dictator is no new fact in history; and all thoughtful observers feared and predicted what would be the end of the last three years. But the existing despotism in Paris, however true to the historic *norma*, not only in its audacity, not only in its violence, its extent, and its open defiance and contumely of right, but in other respects, is a peculiar and special event. At present it resists all classification and analogy. It combines the opposite attributes of all the more famous seditions; and, so far as mere violence and defiance of the moral sense goes, it emulates not unsuccessfully even the bloody proscriptions of

Marius and Sylla. It is difficult to believe that we are living in this sober, conscience-respecting, right-recognizing, nineteenth century. A *lettre-de-cachet*, in the sternest days of the tyranny of a Louis, hurried off an ambitious or an inconvenient noble to the Bastille; and, in the fiercer days of middle-age barbarism, a strong-handed baron consigned his strong-handed neighbor to a dungeon without much injury to public morals. The feuds of Guelph and Ghibelline dyed many an Italian town with blood; but the scenes of folly and injustice seldom extended far beyond the walls. Historical and under-graduate recollections hunt up the names of Coreya and Syracuse; but they scarcely, or faintly, affect our present human interests or sentiments. To recall all these things we have to muster up an effort of antiquarianism; but now, actually before our eyes, announced by submarine telegraph, and chronicled in the abundant annals of second, third, and fourth editions, we have all these things and something more. We have a wholesale incarceration of nearly two hundred national representatives, snatched from the midst of Europe's politest capital, without the shadow of a crime alleged, further than that of an obstructive policy in the Legislative Assembly of the nation—we say without an accusation, for, if the alleged plot against the president and the asserted tampering with the army are true, why are not the victims brought to trial, and why is M. Thiers already released? Every independent newspaper is stopped, or intimidated—every possibility of telling or learning the truth is most successfully blocked up against the inquiries of eager millions. The mails, the frontiers, the army, the executive—all are secured, manipulated, and directed with the blind energy of a machine. Opinion and consent are asked at the sword's point—appeal is answered by the *mitraille*—remonstrance acknowledged by monster mortars—and resistance, or even repining, confronted by some five hundred thousand bayonets. And, as though the present régime were desirous to reproduce every historical detail of past despotisms, it is plainly intimated that Cayenne, as in the days of Robespierre, and Algeria, with its novelty of horrors, await those who shall combine for the secret utterance of thoughts and hopes which can no longer be openly avowed. So it is—at this very moment Louis Napoleon rules, and has secured submission by the identical acts or menaces which history has selected as the foulest blots of the Greek democracies, of the Roman republic in the worst days of its civic furies, of the sanguinary Italian states—nay, of France itself, in the successive tyrannies of Louis XIV., of the Convention, and of the Empire. It has been reserved for France to see combined all these invasions of human rights in the policy of a single week.

All this, we say, may have been necessary, and we are not now questioning the past deeds of the president; but at all events it is a fearful price to pay even for repose. This enormous and far-reaching trampling upon all legal and constitutional principles, is a vast sacrifice to make for the possible solidity of a few years—or, it may be, of a few months. It only shows how inveterate was the ulcer which had to be excised by so trenchant a sword as this. We now begin to know how thoroughly the life, and faith, and hope, must have been eaten out of France, before she could have submitted to—or, as it seems, have chosen, and even welcomed—such a cure as this. Sixty years of strife have done their work—and what a fearful

work it will be, when, as may doubtless be the case, Louis Napoleon, red-handed, shall have become, in whatever sense, the elect of some millions of men, who at least approach the ballot-box without chains. It is only such a tyranny as that which France now accepts, which fully brings out what that anarchy must have been to which it is preferred. In a moral as well as a political sense, Louis Napoleon's best vindication will be his success—and such success we wish both him and France. For, as we have before said, in endeavoring to estimate the moral aspect of his late acts, it is not by the past ten days that we would judge him, but by that future which is still within his own power. Yet we cannot too emphatically express our conviction that the time has come for a serious and earnest attempt to heal those wounds which have been inflicted on liberty for the sake of order, and that the harsh and cruel régime of necessity ought to be relaxed with the relaxing exigencies of the case. It is high time for Louis Napoleon to inaugurate the reign of mercy—to cease issuing menacing decrees against political adversaries—to liberate the guiltless or unaccused opponents who have been imprisoned for the convenience of a now triumphant policy—and to restore that freedom of thought and speech, the continued repression of which were his severest self-condemnation.

We wish well to France—we desire to see her institutions and her resources flourish. Her mind and her industry are too nearly linked with our own—too long and too intimately have we stood side by side in the great onward march of European and human civilization—not to make her fortunes a very dear and intimate concern of England. For the sake of France, then, we trust that this latest revolution may be her last—that through the present master of her destinies, she will secure all that the friends of humanity, order, and social happiness, must desire for a great nation. But it is right to state distinctly how enormous is the sacrifice which she is making. In Germany, in Italy, in all Europe, who will rejoice, and who will weep at the news from Paris? Poerio, Radetzky, Victor Emanuel, Ferdinand, Farini, d'Azeglio—with what feelings will these men respectively welcome the success of the president? Whose fetters will be the heavier, whose hearts the lighter, whose hopes the more buoyant for the future? Milan, Turin, Rome, Berlin, Vienna—who will in these places have to bless—and who to curse—the last rising of the sun of Austerlitz? Since the Congress of Vienna and the inauguration of the holy alliance, never was so dark a future mantling round the prospects of European progress and social advancement as at the present moment; and we can but trust that those dictates of sound policy which are ultimately coincident with those of justice and moral right will be heard and obeyed by him with whom it mainly rests to avert the disastrous omen.

From the Morning Chronicle, 12 Dec., 1851.

From the Icy Sea to the Mediterranean, the sword is just now enjoying an unqualified triumph over its supercilious rival, the pen. This is one of those reactions in the historical development of society which are never quite undeserved, and never without a particle of comfort or instruction to lighten the hard experiences of the moment. Except the most trifling of the order, who are ever eager to parade its insignia and to vaunt the pre-

cedence which it confers, no true champion of literature will venture to deny that the intellectual—or, to use the cant of the day, the spiritual—forces of the social universe have considerably abused the long succession of their conquests, which, beginning in the dim twilight of the fifteenth century, have been continued in growing splendor and decisiveness up to the very verge of the decade in which we are living. Every phase of mental progress has disclosed some qualifying disadvantage; and the last figure in the adverse column of the ledger is that startling relaxation of morals which, in the thirty, or at all events in the twenty, years preceding 1850, accompanied the submission of the first people in Europe to that most brilliant expression of the literary spirit which our modesty forbids us to designate. The punishment has arrived in the usual course of retribution. The house of intellect became divided against itself; and, material force having been invited to set things in order, the big bully remains in possession of the gorgeous mansion. Sheer stupid strength once more controls the world—the sword resuming that supremacy over the pen which, since the dark ages, it had lost everywhere but in that Anglo-Saxon community which has never quite heartily subscribed to the prerogative of the latter. There is no question of the fact—but there is much as to its duration.

We imagine that it cannot last long. Mind, in exercise of its sovereignty over matter, may demean itself by caprices and debase itself by excesses, but an unrelenting law ordains that it shall eventually triumph, and the fortune reserved for it gives it a special vitality, even during the eclipse of its star. We can fancy nothing more tremendous than a universal conspiracy of talent against established authority; and it is because Louis Napoleon's government seems bent on creating, deepening, and defying the enmity of every form of intellectual eminence, that our impressions of its actual stability and contingent usefulness are undergoing an hourly diminution. Some unfortunate fatality is opening a breach between the president and genius, by whatever name it may call itself. History is on its way to the frontier, with an escort of gendarmes and a recommendation to improve itself by foreign travel. Poetry, after heading the defence of a barricade, is with difficulty eluding the close pursuit of the police, and runs extreme danger of being shot the moment its lurking-place is discovered. Oratory, on its last appearance, was hooted by the president's myrmidons, and, because it refused to go home, was sent off with a felon's guard, in a felon's van, to a felon's prison. Strategic skill was carried handcuffed to a provincial fortress, and is now menaced with a court-martial for debauching the army which it has heretofore guided to victory. Hebdomadal criticism is silenced—or, so far as its ordinary functions are concerned, seems in a fair way to be starved. In the whole long list of French contemporary worthies, there is but one name which does not suggest some deplorable reminiscence of ineffaceable insult or irreparable wrong. But one man of first-rate ability adheres, as it is called, to the president, and he is emphatically the exception which proves the rule. M. DeMontalembert—with his character formed and his energies braced by perpetual conflict with all the strongest tendencies and prepossessions of his age—affords, by the very readiness with which he pledges himself to Louis Napoleon's government,

the most conclusive of demonstrations that every other member of his order has deserted or repudiated it.

Does Louis Napoleon retain any real hold upon the intellect of France, or any true purchase on the popular consent before whose majesty it bows? If we cannot yet answer this question in the negative, it would be base even to hint that there are any data for maintaining the affirmative. Moreover, it is absolutely certain that the series of measures upon which he has entered must be rapidly drying up any source of strength he may possess which is not included in the terrorism of his army. Has he fallen into the exact counterpart of the blunder which ruined the extinct Assembly? The unfortunate French legislature destroyed itself by the pertinacity with which it harped on the single string of armed violence, which it ought to have utterly ignored, as out of the compass of any living performer. The president is so obstinately attuning his performance to the same harsh note, that men begin to suspect that it is the only one in his register. If his enterprise had at any time the support of talent, the perpetual parade of military restraints must tend to disgust and alienate it. If the suffrages of the people are really meant to constitute his title, it is madness to throw away so magnificent an advantage by licensing everybody to question it under pretext of a violent and compulsory origin. There are just three fibres which, singly or in combination, make up the core of governments—the homage of intellect, the homage of the sword, and the homage of the people. The trusted organ of the president, omitting all mention of the first, lays claim to the two which remain—the "vote" and the "sabre." But when a shameless priority is given to the adhesion of the sabre—after the vote shall have been rendered in darkness and silence, and amid the throes of that intestine war which seems to be gradually creeping over the French provinces—who does not see that, for all practical purposes, the props of Louis Napoleon's government will be reduced to one, and one alone!

Even though prudence and honesty should not appear adequate motives for unmuzzling the press before the experiment of the 20th and 21st commences, one would conceive that that measure was sufficiently recommended by the simple expediency of avoiding unnecessary trouble and useless annoyance. If the liberty of a day or two, accorded to speech and the pen, should prove that genius and public opinion have parted company with the president, it would be as well that the consultative commission and its august chairman should be spared the idle labor of constructing a constitution. The two chambers are doomed to an untimely end, if they are only to be a field in which the representatives of Louis Napoleon are to be pitted, in unequal conflict, against all the wit, all the statesmanship, and all the eloquence of France. The prefect of police had better remain installed as perpetual editor of Parisian newspapers, if every finger of every journalist is itching to exude the gall of acrimonious criticism enveloped in the capsule of irony. We take it to be perfectly clear that the immediate enfranchisement of the press is Louis Napoleon's only means of ascertaining whether the path he has chalked out is not conducting him to another *coup d'état*, which may not be either so easy or so cheap as the sabre stroke of Tuesday se'night.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OFFICE OF THE LIVING AGE, }
5th Jan., 1852. }

A CONSIDERABLE space in this number is taken up with such an account of the usurpation of Louis Napoleon, as will be valuable for future reference, as well as present information. Believing that this stroke of statesmanship was executed in a style of premeditated cruelty, and seeing that it was accomplished through a degree of perjury that qualifies the author for admission to the circle of German emperors and kings, we are yet uncertain whether French public opinion will not justify, as well as submit to it. If so—so be it: it is their affair. And this offers a practical opportunity for our government to declare the doctrine of non-intervention.

Napoleon the Second, (or will he call himself the Third, after the example of Louis XVIII.?) Louis Napoleon will not fail to intervene wherever he may be strong enough. Belgium has already received notice that French fugitives will not be allowed to remain so near home, and she has been obliged to thrust them off; and we see that certain departments bordering on Switzerland are said, by the French papers, to be excited by refugees in that republic. The overthrow of the Roman republic is claimed as a merit for Napoleon;—and, indeed, Montalembert openly claims as a good deed the demolition of those public men who “surprised” France into a republic by overturning Louis Philippe. This advocate looks at the interest of the Church of Rome as paramount to all other considerations.

The appeal to the United States by the *Times*, is a great advance toward the “re-annexation” of Great Britain, which has been advocated in this journal for seven years. When the government of that nation shall fairly represent the nation, such union will be feasible.

We earnestly desire that some opportunity may be taken by Congress, so to speak on the subject of leaving each nation to settle its own affairs, without the intrusion of foreign force, as will justify the President in sending a friendly, argumentative, plain-spoken declaration to foreign powers. There will be no peace in the world, until this doctrine shall be recognized.

Montgomery is not dead. The article from the *Tribune* remained in type, after we discovered the error, and got in through inadvertence.

6th January.

Since the foregoing lines were in type we have opened the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, from which we copy an article fully coinciding with our opinions of the danger of England in her present false position. How she can get out of this position, without Sir Robert Peel’s guidance, we do not see. If there were time, it might be accomplished. But events move so swiftly now, that all laggards are run over:—

CAN ENGLAND BE SAVED?

SOME will say that this is begging the question, for England is not in danger. We think that she is; and so think the British government, who, ac-

cording to the last accounts, have ordered extensive preparations in all the dock-yards. Nobody can doubt the coöperation of the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Koenig, with the “Prince President.” The imperial and royal families of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, ay, and of Naples too, seem to have abandoned, at least for the present, the cause of their “well beloved cousin,” Henry V., and even of their second cousin, the Count of Paris, and to have adopted that of the Nephew of the Uncle. The first reception at the “Palace of the Prince,” after the *coup d’etat*, was attended by all the foreign ambassadors in full costume, excepting the American. Would they have done this, and thus have compromised their respective governments by a demonstration of approbation, without orders? Such an outrage upon diplomacy is incredible. The American minister alone was absent, and simply because he had no orders on the subject, and would not, without any, acknowledge a new government. And among these acknowledgers were the British ambassador and his lady! So the British government stood ready to acknowledge the Nephew immediately, if he should boldly usurp like the Uncle; and thus are the British aristocracy, in common with the despots of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Naples, coöperators in the usurpation. Well! Thereby hangs a tale.

The despots, sustained by standing armies, having thus been privy to military despotism in France, of course will be ready to sustain it. What then can the usurper do with his army of 350,000 men? He must furnish it with employment, and is precluded, by this Russian, Austrian and Prussian coöperation, from a new Jena, a new Eylau, a new Friedland a new Austerlitz, a new Wagram, a new Marengo. What, then, remains but a new invasion? This was the darling project of the Uncle, and was only prevented by the success of the British aristocracy in exciting a continental coalition against France, in 1804. If the Nephew should renew the project, the British aristocracy could not retire behind another coalition of continental legitimacy. England has since become a hot-bed of dangerous ideas, producing, at home, parliamentary reform, extension of suffrage, restriction of privilege, and other steps towards the demon of American democracy, and abroad, popular insurrections, barricades, constitutions, liberty and equality, threatening to demolish thrones, extinguish nobilities, and annihilate churches. The aristocracy are powerless to stem the torrent, and therefore French, Russian, Austrian, Prussian bayonets must be used to sweep away the whole system, and establish one more safe for—continental despotism. Such, then, being the policy of the despots, and the French army insisting on employment, and England presenting the only field, how much enthusiasm for glory can be excited by an opportunity to wipe off the stain of Waterloo, and avenge the imprisonment of the emperor at St. Helena! We do not wonder at the newly-excited activity in the English dock-yards. And if the British aristocracy, after conniving, through their ambassador, at this new usurpation, shall find themselves overreached, they may remember that they have overreached and betrayed the popular cause in every part of continental Europe and in Sicily, since the commencement of the French revolution in 1789. History shows retributive justice on almost every page.

And if the Nephew should renew the project of the Uncle, how will England meet it? The English will fight for anything worth a battle. But will the very numerous “lower classes” and a

large portion of the "middle classes" fight to maintain the present system of privilege and taxation for privilege! If the Nephew should promise the extinction of nobility, the confiscation of the property belonging to the church, universal suffrage, two elective chambers, and a close alliance with France, perhaps he would gain partisans enough to insure success to the invasion. As the church is *heretical*, the confiscation of its property would be acceptable to Catholics everywhere, especially in Ireland; and its application to the national debt would be acceptable to all English, Scottish and Irish "dissenters," without breaking the hearts of Episcopalians, especially fund-holders. John Bull, the real, legitimate John Bull, the *people* of England, will fight for anything substantial, but not for visions, and much less for evils. The "middle classes" want a better government, and the "lower classes" want relief; and neither expect it as a voluntary concession from the aristocracy. The latter, if not the former, would sooner take relief from the Nephew, than forego it; and the former can get it only from the aristocracy's fears, and may make the grant of it a condition precedent to resistance against invasion.

How, then, can England be saved from French invasion? By democracy, by the union of all classes below the aristocracy, in demanding of them the abolition of all privileges, a republican constitution, with two elective chambers and universal suffrage, the confiscation of the church property to the national debt, the entire freedom of religion, and local legislatures for Ireland and Scotland. The new constitution should be *Federal* for England, Scotland and Ireland; the throne might be left during the life of the present queen, to become extinct at her decease; or, what would be better, Prince Albert could be made president during the queen's life. Are the English, Scots and Irish sufficiently enlightened and stable to make and maintain these changes peacefully? We believe that they are; for the changes rob nobody excepting the Episcopal Church, which got its property originally by robbing the Catholic Church. Before the Reformation this property was held and used by the Catholic Church for the use, in part, of the poor. The robbery left the poor to starve, and created the necessity for poor laws. The national debt, created by the aristocracy to sustain despotism, fills the British Islands with paupers. Taking the church property from the robbers who thus plundered one set of paupers, and applying it to relieve, indirectly, another set of paupers, both sets created by crimes against liberty and humanity, would be political and moral justice. And having done all this good at home, the English people, now democratic, could *carry the war into Africa*, and meet French invasion by assisting the *people* to demolish every continental throne. The English aristocracy have taxed the English people intolerably to sustain these thrones. The English people can get rid of the taxation by demolishing the thrones and their own aristocracy. England will then be, not a "breakwater" against continental despotism, taxed continually for defence till crushed, but one among a peaceful fraternity of democratic nations. *Thus*, and we believe *thus only*, can England be saved.

We add extracts of a letter from the Hon. R. J. Walker to the Mayor of Southampton—part of which was placarded round the city—headed *Alliance of England and America*. Many of our read-

ers will not like what Mr. Walker says; few, however, can doubt his ability; or, at all events, his shrewdness will be acknowledged. For our own part, we agree with him, and are glad to see signs of the growth of such a feeling in England. O, if Great Britain were on a sounder political footing! If she rested on a broader base of popular right!

I thank you, also, for the kind and cordial sentiments you have been pleased to express in regard to my country. It is most clearly the interest and duty of England and America to encourage and maintain the most friendly relations. In some remarks, heretofore made by me at your city, I took occasion to express the opinion that a neighboring republic, so called, based upon half a million of bayonets, and a state of siege, would soon be merged in absolute or imperial power. Those predictions are already fulfilled; and France is now passing into a government more military and despotic than any that prevails in Europe, because it is purely the government of the army, and of a single chief. Already this fearful change is hailed with delight by all the despotic powers, and especially by Russia, Austria, and Naples. The continent has become despotic, except a few remaining points, which are already menaced, and where the light of liberty, it is feared, will soon be extinguished. These islands alone remain to breast the fury of despotic power, and already it is intimated that it may become necessary to establish against England the continental system of the first Napoleon. The principle of the despotic powers will be this: that England must refuse an asylum to the exiled victims of continental oppression, and that she must abandon the liberty of speech and of the press. The question, I fear, will soon be propounded to England—Will you relinquish all the principles of free government and sink quietly into the abyss of despotism? Or will you manfully resist, and if so, when, and how, and where are you willing to begin the resistance? Will you wait until every free government is overthrown on the continent? Or, when the principle of armed intervention from abroad announces its determination to subvert these governments, will you then interfere for your own security, whilst yet you may have friends and allies upon the continent? Should the latter be your wise and patriotic resolve, and should you, in that event, desire the coöperation of my country, it will be given by the government, and sustained by the people, with zeal and unanimity.

I know nothing, since the days of the Crusades, that could excite in America a feeling so deep, universal, and enthusiastic, or which would call out so many millions, if necessary, of my countrymen, as an invitation from you, to your children in America, to fight together the last great triumphant battles for the liberties of man. It would be a certain and an easy victory, achieved chiefly by the naval forces of England and America; and, succeeding this victory, there would then be enduring peace and extended commerce.

Indeed, I doubt not, that if England and America would inform the continental despots that they must not intervene beyond their own limits to overthrow other governments, merely because they are free, that such an announcement would arrest their march in 1851 as it did in 1820, and accomplish the same result without the necessity of war or bloodshed.